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PREFACE

THIS work, imperfect as it may be, the Author dedicates to the public, and feels it to be unnecessary to say more than that he has widely mistaken the end he has in view in appearing now for the second time in print, if what he has written shall be found to contain any thing that is likely to diminish the sum of human happiness.

ERRATA

- Page 10, line 12 for *' to complain things might have
been better* read *" to regret
they were not better*
- 21 line 8, after *" guide,* read *" us*
- 36, line 16, for *" cannot dig to beg I am ashamed*
read *cannot dig,* and *" to
beg* is *' ashamed*
- 45, line 3, for *" prudence of mind* read *" presence
of mind*
- 58, line 3 for *may require it,* read *" may not
require it*
- 62 line 15 for *' contrive* read *" continue*
- 87 line 13 *aux grands pas,* read *à grand
pas*
- 120, line 18, instead of *" earnestness* read
" earnest
- 131 line 5, no comma after *" amount*
- 176, line 3 for *' without reason,* read *' without a
reason*
- 220 line 3, for *' unbosom* read *" unburthen*
- 228, line 19, for *" distinct sounds* read *' distant
sounds*
- 267, line 9, for *" the fortunate speculation,* read
' a fortunate speculation

W A L T E R,

ETC ETC



I

FEW there are who think for themselves, and fewer still who think for others

II

In countries less civilized than England, it is a matter of historical record that mankind have been in the habit of legislating for the benefit and protection of certain animals in particular, and the brute creation in general, and so far from its being beneath the dignity

of human legislation to frame laws in favour of dumb animals, their very weakness and inferiority give them a greater claim to protection and consideration, and it is only a matter of surprise, if not a subject of reproach, that in this enlightened age and in a Christian country, such unequivocal acts of cruelty and inhumanity should be daily committed as to render it expedient to pass laws for the protection of dumb animals from the wanton cruelty and barbarity of those who ought to be their natural protectors. It is to be regretted that in the New Testament we have no precepts that enjoin us to treat the brute creation with kindness and consideration, and no better reason can be assigned for this apparent omission on the part of the Founder of Christianity, (who himself breathed nothing but kindness and love towards the human species, and left us so many excellent regulations for our conduct towards one another) than that he conceived wanton cruelty to a harmless and inoffensive creature to be so foreign to our nature, that to denounce it as a moral offence were superfluous and unnecessary, and that it was a

question that might well be left to the good feeling and moral sense of his disciples *

III

We never die, under ordinary circumstances, with our own consent—it is life that leaves us, and it no more follows that we should be sensible of its departure than we are capable of retaining any recollection of the circumstances of our birth

IV

Love is seldom a cause or abstract feeling in women—it is almost universally an *effect*, hence it is that females, comparatively speaking, seldom feel any strong attachment before marriage, and in proportion as love on the part of the husband is found to be on the wane, so will the love of the female be increased by force of time and circumstances in an inverse ratio Women themselves are

* I cannot but think that the declaration of the Deity, as stated by Moses in his account of the creation (Gen 1 26), has been in too many cases misunderstood, or at least in our treatment of animals the world do not sufficiently discriminate between the *use* and *abuse* of them

often misled in imagining they entertain the passion of love, when, in fact, it is nothing more than the gratification they feel in seeing themselves preferred, apparently at least, to others, and in being selected as the object of our undivided attention, so that the most effectual means of gaining, as it is called, the affections of a woman is not so much to endeavour to make her believe that you love her, as it is to make her believe you love no one so well as herself—that she possesses, in short, the monopoly of your heart. Flattery is the only tax she exacts from the other sex—it is the easy price she demands for the surrender of her affections, and in consideration of this homage paid to the weakness of her nature, there are few sacrifices she may not be induced to make, and her gratitude is such for the partiality you may manifest in her favour, that she oftentimes has the air of being the party obliged, when in reality she is conferring a favour.

V

We ought to be grateful for any gift that nature or fortune may have bestowed on us without being vain of it. We have no

reason to be proud of any thing which depends not on any personal merit of our own

VI

Life is a succession of stimulants, both moral and physical

VII

Duelling, considered as a court of honour, is attended with this disadvantage—the innocent are as likely to suffer as the guilty, at the same time it must be admitted that the guilty are not less likely to suffer than the innocent, which might be the case were it a question of physical force. It is to be observed also that the party avowedly the aggressor feels bound, under ordinary circumstances, not to fire *

VIII

All religions belong to the same family, as do all languages

* The author presupposes the use of fire-arms—no other weapon placing the combatants so much upon an equality

IX

Acting, in the theatrical sense of the term, is only another word for imitating, and an actor only another word for a mimic, and if the merit of the copy consists in its resemblance to the original, why do we go out of our way to see only the copy when the original is so often before our eyes ?

X

Principle, duty, virtue, vice, right and wrong, honour and infamy, are in the mouth of every one, but not one in an hundred can assign any satisfactory reason for the actions we are daily and hourly committing and omitting—so much are we the creatures of habit

XI

Some of the most imposing public buildings in the metropolis are the theatres, far surpassing in grandeur and magnificence either house of parliament, the palaces of the rich, and even the abodes of royalty itself Will it be believed one hundred years hence,

as the taste of the age improves, that within the walls of these gorgeous edifices thousands of individuals of all classes are nightly assembled, and for hours in succession, for seeing what is at best but a fictitious representation, but more frequently for the real purpose of seeing a favourite actor or actress, (as many go to church professedly with a view of performing a religious duty, but really with the view of hearing a popular preacher,) and that, although the favourite actor may be received with "thunders of applause," and almost idolized as something more than human, little more seems to be wanting to qualify him for his calling or profession than confidence and memory

XII

The whole ceremonial and every thing that belongs to Christianity, with the exception of its pure and sublime morality, (many of the Jewish rites and ceremonies being themselves imported from a foreign soil,) are borrowed from the heathen mythology and the various religious customs and observances of

different nations, the origin of which has been lost in the distance of time Churches even, under a different name, existed long before the time of Christ, and the word altar, which constitutes part of the church, though of Roman derivation, is still retained in our own language.

XIII ✱

“ *C'est l'espoir qui fait vivre,*” say the French, not with more truth than wisdom it is that stimulus which supports us under present misfortune, and turns the barren waste of futurity into a smiling and luxuriant garden Nor do I ever hear them use the words “ *pour une autrefois,*” which is their present remedy for every disappointment, without giving them credit for being, ~~not~~ the soundest reasoners, at least the best practical philosophers in the world “ *Au revoir*” is another of their phrases in common use, and which is in perfect keeping with the same school of philosophy—that philosophy, I mean, which, by drawing out, as it were, the human mind, (like their own national horn,) and giving it a *point d'appui*, or

resting place, on some distant object, most effectually prevents it from re-acting on itself, and thus supplies the best remedy against those useless and unprofitable reflexions which are so fatal to the happiness of man, and more especially of those whose attention is not continually diverted from themselves by regular and habitual occupation

XIV

An insult is a species of injury peculiar to itself—it is an offence neither against person nor property, but of all injuries it is that which is the most deeply felt and resented the most, because it inflicts a wound on that part of our nature which is more than ordinarily susceptible—viz pride it is an offence which cannot be defined by any known or positive law, because, as it is created by the public breath, so must it ever be interpreted by the ever-varying standard of public opinion, and, consequently, unlike to other offences, the legislature attaches no penalty to its commission, and what constitutes a difference between this offence and all others is this—that, however ill-disposed the con-

tending parties may be to each other, the one is considered incapable of inflicting that species of injury called an insult on the other unless the rank or position in society be the same in both

XV

A heartless man differs only in name from a brute—a heartless woman is a monster

XVI

Honour^{*} sometimes supplies the place of religion, but never supersedes its necessity—it is the *golden calf* at whose shine we occasionally kneel

XVII

There are few things that are pursued for their own sake alone and without reference to some secondary and ulterior object Every species of pastime is of a *negative* character, and an apology for more useful occupation

XVIII

If you must quarrel, quarrel with a supe-

not,—never condescend to quarrel with an inferior, not even your own horse

XIX

I have no idea of this person or that being good tempered, because it implies that there are others in the world who are not so. Bah! it is enough to make one ashamed of one's species. Temper, good or bad, is one of the most unfashionable things in existence—the word ought to be expunged from the vocabulary of every civilized nation. It is not that this man's temper is worse than another's, or the temper of one sister better than the temper of another, but the fact is, it is no where to be found now-a-days, it has been abandoned long since—it is the perquisite of the nursery maid.

XX

It is better to be disappointed in love than to be married against our inclinations. The one is a positive, the other only a comparative evil. In the one case we are at liberty to transfer our affections to another object—in the other case there is no hope but in death itself.

XXI

The sun has less to do with heat and cold than is generally supposed, heat and cold depend more on the state of the air. No other reason can be assigned for our never feeling cold in bed, even in the depth of winter, than because the outward air is excluded—there is no positive or inherent warmth in the covering itself whatever it may be, for the same reason, if we always lived under ground in a place impervious to the sun's rays, we should enjoy an even temperature, and should not be exposed to the vicissitudes of the seasons and it is on the same principle that clothes may be equally useful in defending us from heat as from cold.

XXII

If you doubt whether company not to your taste be a greater or a less evil than solitary confinement, you cannot consult a better authority than Daniel in the lion's den.

XXIII

The King of Spain boasts that in his domi-

mons the sun never sets — so may the owner of a coal-pit

XXIV

Had all of us the means of subsistence without the trouble of working for it, the world would relapse into a state little short of barbarism there would be no one to learn because there would be no one to teach, and we should be obliged to be our own tailors as well as our own cooks *

XXV

Professional people, *as such*, have no visible means of subsistence, but, like thieves and prostitutes, are supported by voluntary and involuntary contributions

XXVI

Dress, which originally was designed to answer the purposes of decency and warmth, is now-a days considered in no other light, by the higher orders at least, than as serving to improve their personal appearance

XXVII

Music, being represented by the same characters in every nation where it is known, is the only universal language that exists

XXVIII

Liberty is the soul of love—it can neither be bought nor sold, and like certain animals which we characterize as *feræ naturæ*, admits of no appropriation

XXIX

We cannot too much admire the wisdom of Providence, which, while man is left at liberty to change the country of his birth, and live under any meridian more desirable for his health or his comfort, has at the same time deprived him of all control over those laws of nature on which depend the weather and the seasons—not adapting the state of the weather to the humour and caprices of each individual, but consulting (agreeably to that economy with which the universe appears to be governed) the general good and welfare of all. Thus shall we ever find that

there is no evil, or apparent evil in life, which, if we only feel a deep conviction of the goodness of the Deity, may not be reconciled by a thousand consolatory considerations we shall find there is scarcely an evil which is not attended by, or productive of, a corresponding good, as a balance in the scale, and the occasions in life will be found to be more numerous on which we have reason to congratulate ourselves that things *were not worse*, than those on which we have to complain things might have been better

XXX

Sleep is the fallow of the mind

XXXI

To appear on the stage of life in a public capacity, or to retire from public life at pleasure, is a spontaneous act, but the relationships of private life, with its concomitant duties, are not always under our own control

XXXII

The same means that are adopted to win

the affections of women generally produce the opposite effect in men

XXXIII

We must take money for its value, the weather as it comes, and men, whether good, bad, or indifferent, as we find them

XXXIV

It is impossible to make our constitution better than nature has made it, though it is very easy to make it worse

XXXV

The very same act (viz eating and drinking) which supports life, ultimately destroys it—could we live without food we could live for ever

XXXVI

We can no more give an account why we awake at any particular moment of time and at no other, than we can calculate, at any given time, on the precise quantity of food, neither more nor less, that is necessary to satisfy our appetite

XXXVII

Superiority of any kind naturally begets envy in others, which is not necessarily a hostile feeling, for envy, though it assume the appearance of hate, is sometimes found to reside in the same breast as love

XXXVIII

That "familiarity breeds contempt" is universally admitted. If, however, there be any doubt on the subject, the matrimonial state will afford the most advantageous opportunity of proving the truth of the doctrine

XXXIX

Medicine is but a temporary expedient, and the more we take the more we require. It may mitigate, assuage, or allay—it may afford relief when we are actually ill, it cannot prevent disease, still less can it save us from death, though it may be the means indeed of prolonging life. Medicine, as applied to the human frame is like regulating a watch when out of order by moving the hands on the dial-plate instead of re-

moving the fundamental cause of the evil by an examination of the machinery within

XL

If we travel in pursuit of health, we are sure to defeat our own purpose. Health, properly so called, is essentially passive—it is confined neither to time nor place, and depends on a variety of circumstances, both mental and physical, over which the will has little or no control. We can make ourselves ill, but we cannot make ourselves well by an effort of the will—the very act of willing it, the anxiety we feel to be so, is of all things the least likely to promote it.

XLII

There are certain cases in which both the litigants may be right, as there are others where both may be wrong *

* ‘ A striking instance of the ‘ glorious uncertainty of the law’ occurred at the late Essex assizes. On the night of the 16th of February, Mr Hellen travelling in a gig, and Mr Underwood in a cart, came in contact with each other on the road from London, near Colchester, and both their vehicles were much damaged. For the injury thus sustained each brought an action

XLIII

Our interest and our duty are undoubtedly sometimes at variance, though, when properly understood, they are seldom disunited

XLIV

Moral and physical courage, or, if you will, moral and physical timidity, are nearly allied, though they are not necessarily reciprocal

XLV

Self preservation is the foundation, or, rather, the object of the social compact, and so conscious does man appear of his helplessness

against the other, and on Tuesday week the case of Underwood *v* Hellen was decided by a common jury giving Underwood 40s damages. On the Friday following, another common jury tried the case of Hellen *v* Underwood, and gave Hellen 51s damages. By these verdicts both plaintiff and defendant are declared *right* and both declared *wrong*. As the matter now stands, Messrs Hellen and Underwood have to pay each other's costs in one of the actions, and the former has to pay the latter a balance of eleven shillings on the two verdicts.

Morning Chronicle, Aug 6, 1833

ness in his individual capacity, (less gifted, perhaps, as he is with the means of defence than any other being of the same physical power,) that the disposition to combine for mutual protection appears to be a primary want of our nature—a want, however, of such a kind as not to be so much the effect of inclination (for there does not exist in man the same propensity to congregate as we see in many other animals who are seldom if ever found separated from others of their species, with whom they seem to live in perpetual concord) as the deduction of reason, and an act, I may say, founded in a sense on political expediency

XLVI

While on the one hand *there is nothing which reduces the rich man to the level of the poor so much as sickness and disease, but more especially those moral evils (such as the loss of those who are dear to us) to which all are equally liable, the king no less than the peasant, and from which all the advantages of fortune cannot secure us, so on the other hand nothing raises a poor man

to the level of the rich so much as the unbought gratification of sleep

XLVII

If there be a state of future rewards and punishments, conscience cannot be considered as having reference so much to the past, (that is, in the light of inflicting pain or pleasure for any action already committed,) as a rule to guide in the direction of our future conduct, and in this point of view cannot but be considered as a kind and merciful dispensation

XLVIII

So far am I from thinking there is in man a natural disposition to cruelty, that some there are who possess so much sympathy for their fellow-creatures, even amongst those of the brute creation, as to be almost as much, nay, in some instances even more, alive to the sufferings of others than their own

XLIX

It is said, in the language of the Roman, that "*idem velle et idem nolle*"—in other

words, a similarity of character and tastes, is the foundation of true friendship. In spite, however, of this authority, strong attachments are found to exist amongst persons even of the same sex, in whose dispositions can be discovered no point of resemblance.

L

If there be such a place as hell, God must be there, otherwise He is not every where present *

LI

Mistakes we may have made, and mistakes we may make again. Did you ever know a novice in skating reach the end of the pond without paying dearly for his experience?

* The author entertains no doubt that the place of future punishment, as represented in the Scriptures, was never meant to be understood in a *literal* sense. In whatever sense however it may be interpreted, one thing is certain, that Omnipotence is not Omnipotence unless it possess the power of modifying and revising its own decrees.

LII

One man may be less dependent than another, but absolute independence, even were it desirable, is a *moral* phenomenon, nay, rather a moral impossibility

LIII

We do not love those the less who love us not in return, but unrequited love is an evil (and no less so without than within the matrimonial pale) which it requires all the dignity of human pride to enable us to sustain

LIV

Society will not allow one man to be better than another, be his virtues what they may, otherwise the law of precedence would be based on virtue, and not on the accident of birth or fortune, whilst nature, no less unjust, condemns us indifferently to the same standard of depravity

LV

The merit that is awarded to physical

courage arises from the assumption that existence is more valuable to us than any thing else, that of all gifts it is that which we are ~~most~~ unwilling to surrender, which with the more educated classes is not the case if it were so, neither the love of glory nor the chances of reward and promotion would ever balance the apprehension of death, and the more than apprehension—the certainty of danger in the minds of those who adopt the profession of arms from choice

LVI

There is no such thing in human nature as wanton cruelty, the instances we occasionally witness, especially amongst children, of those who apparently take delight in inflicting pain on inferior animals, arise from a love of power, and not from a love of cruelty

LVII

Under the various points of view in which man may be considered, whether as a physical, intellectual, or a moral being, we do

not sufficiently take into the account that he is endued by nature with a capability of loving—that he has affections which, in fact, are so many natural wants, and wants of the most urgent kind, and it is in preserving an exact equilibrium between all our moral and physical wants and the means of supplying them, that health mainly consists, or, rather let me say, it is to the difficulty, nay, the all but impracticability of duly supplying (I say *duly* supplying because it is not less desirable that the supply should not be more than equal than it is it should not fall short of the demand,) all those numerous and different wants that is to be attributed in a great measure the amount of misery and disease we see in the world, and which is peculiar to the human species, and to which there are so few exceptions that we may venture to say there is no human being who can be said to enjoy health in a state of perfection but at the very moment of his birth

LVIII.

If we have the misfortune to commit an error of judgement, and we discover our

mistake when too late—too late, I mean, to retrieve our error—do not let us deceive ourselves by the idle and fallacious idea that we should act differently were the time to come over again, which must be considered only a *façon de parler*, the thing itself being impossible, (for in point of fact, under the same circumstances, our acts would be precisely the same,) but let us rather console ourselves by the consideration that human nature is not infallible

LIX

Honour is the love of what is right for its own sake, and unlike to religion, (in the general acceptance of the term,) it is uninfluenced by any future expectations. It rises even beyond the opinion of the world, for it scorns to do in secret what it would be ashamed to do in the face of day

LX

So capricious and changeable are we by nature, and so little do we know what is most desirable for our happiness, that before we embark in any matters of importance,

hasty conclusions are always to be avoided, for we find, after the most mature consideration, we are deceived not unfrequently in our opinions, and with regard to matrimony, they who may entertain some misgivings respecting the step they may have taken will do well to reflect that at least as much consideration is required in agreeing to a dissolution of the bond, (in those cases where such an arrangement should be thought desirable,) as is requisite in the first instance in contracting it

LXI

When the mind is much absorbed, (and it is never more so than when we are asleep,) we are insensible to all the ordinary impressions of sense, and unconscious of our own existence, and if, in this state, we cannot be said to enjoy any positive pleasure, we are at least exempt for the time from all physical evil, whether it be cold, hunger, pain, and thirst, as well as from all mental care and anxiety

LXII

If self-defence be the first law of nature, the preservation of our health must be equally so, for what is life without health ? In this sense at least selfishness is not only justifiable, but even a virtue, for without the enjoyment of good health, how can we be capable of performing our duties, our active duties at least, to others ? On the score of health—that is to say, in order to preserve our health, or to recover it when lost, what is there within reason that may not be done, or may not be left undone ?

LXIII

Vanity is one thing—pride is another. We cannot have too little of the one, or too much of the other, provided only it be based on a proper foundation, and exhibited on proper occasions.

LXIV

As far as a knowledge of human nature is concerned, disguised as it is by all those fictitious appearances which are at once the

consequence and proof of civilization, society is the best school for information. Men having existed before books, the latter can be considered only the copy of an original, although, at the same time, it must be admitted that, but for books, much to imitate and admire, as well as much to condemn and avoid in the history of our species, would have been lost to the world.

LXV

Religion is education *par excellence*. All our other acquirements and pursuits are matters of choice, and are different in different individuals, depending on the various motives, views, and intentions by which they are actuated, whether it consist in the acquisition of language, or the discoveries of science and its application to the practical purposes of life, or the performance of the more menial, but not less useful, offices of social life. But religion, considered as the basis of education, is that universal rule of right and wrong, and which is peculiar to no nation, no age, rank, or sex, which is no less indispensable to the rich than it is to the poor, and

which is above all things instrumental in forming the individual no less than the national character of man

LXVI

The man who has an ostensible calling or profession has this advantage over the man who is not linked to society by any such ties of interest, or, rather, society has this additional security for his good behaviour—he has two characters to lose instead of one

LXVII

Peace and social order in a state may be obtained at the price of ignorance and slavery, but revolution is alone prevented by the adoption of free institutions. A despotic state is the dead calm that foretells the approaching storm be it ever so distant. A free and constitutional government is the perpetual rocking and agitation of the waves, but always within the limits of high water mark. Refinement of manners and the amenities of social life are cultivated in a higher state of perfection in the former than

in the latter, nor is this to be wondered at when we consider that politeness itself is only another word for subjugation or self-denial, but it is the latter only which affords a scope for the exercise of the heroic virtues, and it is only where civil and religious liberty is established, that opportunities are afforded for the development of the human intellect in all its native grandeur

LXVIII

Mirth and frivolity are rather an indication of youth than of happiness. It arises from an exuberance of health, and scarcely deserves the name of happiness, real happiness is enjoyed in an equal degree in old age as well as in youth, and if we make observations on the animal world, especially the higher order of quadrupeds, the enjoyment they undoubtedly feel in the very act of their existence is characterized more by indications of repose and calm tranquillity than those symptoms of gaiety, which amongst the human species are too often produced by the excitement of artificial causes, and which,

of course, must be attended with a corresponding reaction *

LXIX

There is this difference in favour of the poor man as compared with the rich man, that the occupation of the former (for occupation, whether of a mental or a corporeal character, is no less necessary for the one than it is for the other, nor are we less occupied in reality when the mind is only engaged in those pursuits which are commonly called amusements) is always at hand—comes, as it were, to meet him instead of being overtaken by any effort on his part, and he returns to his daily and accustomed avocations as a matter of course, whereas the latter is obliged to go in search of wherewithal to pass his time, or rather to occupy his mind, and it is not obtained in many cases but at a considerable sacrifice and much personal inconvenience, for even society, so called *par excellence*, which is the principal, I may say the only resource of the idle and the rich, is a species of barter,

and cannot be enjoyed without a valuable consideration being given in return, and in some instances not without being purchased at the expense of a considerable outlay. Hence it is that the misfortunes of life, especially those which appear to yield to no remedy so effectually as to time and a succession of new ideas, thereby gradually effacing the impression of the past, act with redoubled violence on the minds of those who, not being obliged to pursue any settled avocation as a means of subsistence, become in a greater degree a prey to their wounded feelings, and are relieved only by going out of their way in search of such objects as may give a diversion to their thoughts.

LXX

Whilst reason endeavours to reconcile us to those events or misfortunes of life which are unavoidable in themselves, and over which the power of man has little or no controul, whilst religion, on the other hand, teaches us that every thing is ordained for the best, and what apparently is an irreparable misfortune, may eventually prove to

be the greatest blessing, we have the consolation also of knowing that there is a magical influence of no little efficacy, even in time itself, or rather the effects of time, for we find by experience every succeeding year, nay, every succeeding day, bring along with it a fresh balm to our grief, and additional reparation for the violence that may have been offered to our feelings. It is the softening hand of time that gradually effaces from our mind the recollection of the past, as the mountain appears to be diminished in size in proportion as we recede from its base, or as the eddies become less visible in the ratio of their distance from that point on the surface of the water which has been disturbed by the operation of some external cause.

LXXI

What an anomaly, nay, rather, what a contradiction is human happiness! We are never contented with what we have, and yet, if we had nothing to desire, nothing to hope for, nothing to wish for—that is, if the cup of our happiness were filled to the brim, we

should be still more discontented, and like Philip of Macedon, we should have no sooner laid down our aims after having achieved the conquest of the world than we should be panting after other worlds to conquer. Hope and fear, which are so opposite and irreconcilable in their nature, are the two elements of which human happiness is composed, and human ingenuity cannot be more profitably employed than in steering so as to avoid either extreme—that is, in endeavouring to find out that precise point in the mind which is equally removed from despondency on the one hand, or the indulgence of those unreasonable expectations which, on the other hand, lead to disappointment.

LXXII

Human nature is so constituted that we could not be susceptible of pleasure unless we were also susceptible of pain, (pleasure being in all cases the rule, and pain the exception.) Why we were so constituted, or whether we could have been constituted otherwise, we have a right to inquire, but we

have no right to complain, if, in our inquiries, we cannot arrive at a satisfactory conclusion

LXXIII

He who has set out in pursuit of health has never yet been known to have attained his object. Health may be at a greater or less distance from us, but she is always to be found in the rear, and never in the van. She continually follows at our heels, and when we meet, it is not because health has been overtaken by us, but because we have been overtaken by health

LXXIV

If there be any supposable case in which there is nothing to choose between life and an ignominious departure from it, it is the case of him who, having lost his all by an act of his own improvidence, "cannot dig, to beg I am ashamed." Compared to the man in these circumstances, even the birds of the air and the flowers of the field, which toil not but still are clothed, are objects of envy

LXXV

There is no such thing as political liberty without an unrestricted freedom of the press, and there can be no such thing as tyranny with it. The mouth of the press, like that of the Venetian Lion, should never be closed, but should be the constant medium of communication between the governing and the governed, preventing the abuse of power on the one hand, and violence and treason on the other. Let the sufferer have reason or not on his side, whether he really be an object of compassion, or paying the forfeit of any misconduct of his own, give him but the opportunity of relieving his feelings by venting aloud his complaints, and his cure is already more than half effected.

LXXVI

So indefinable a term is virtue in the abstract, that it may be pronounced to be anything and every thing that may have been instilled into our minds when we were young, and propounded to us as the guide of our future conduct.

LXXVII

Man begins his career like the angels in Milton, by hiding his eyes with his wings,* he acquires confidence as he advances in years, and finishes like the eagle by staring the sun out of countenance !

LXXVIII

England, with her colonies at either extremity of the globe, is like a spider—all legs and no body

LXXIX

Happiness, God be blessed ! is in our own hands If others cannot bestow it, the world at least cannot deprive us of it Youth, beauty, and fortune, may forsake us, but of happiness we cannot be deprived but by a voluntary act of our own

LXXX

The illustrious Chatham is said to have

* Vide Milton Paradisc Lost, book 3, line 382

encouraged his no less illustrious son, on political matters at least, to express unreservedly his opinions when as yet a boy, and scarcely capable of thinking for himself. The champion of British eloquence felt the value of what he taught. The world in some degree, nay, in a great degree, shoves us into virtue in spite of ourselves, but to be great it is not sufficient to tread in the beaten track of our forefathers. Boldness and originality of thought are essential to greatness, and before we can inspire others with confidence, we must show them first that we feel it ourselves by acting, let the result be what it may, upon the strength of our own convictions.

LXXXI

There are moral fictions, that is, fictions in morals, as there are fictions in law. How many virtues, alas! have been thrown into the shade, how much of what is useful and valuable has been lost to society and to happiness by some hapless being or other becoming the dupe of a distempered imagination,

for the victim of at best but a conventional morality'

LXXXII

So long as kings and ministers think proper to have recourse to war as an "ultima ratio," and man is destined to see his fellow-man consigned to a violent death—so long as public executions are deemed essential to the welfare of the state—so long, in short, as one human being is knowingly and wilfully instrumental to the death of another, and such an act, under any circumstances, be considered justifiable—it is idle to expect men to be deterred from the act of duelling from motives of religion. Society requires but a standard or criterion of virtue, (virtue, that is, as interpreted by itself,) be it what it may—a measure of value—a distance-post—a sort of *pons asinorum* in morals, and until a better can be devised, duelling cannot be prevented, but will continue to be practised in holes and corners, if not in open day, in spite of all the laws that may be enacted against it

LXXXIII

No change in morals, politics, or religion, however useful or desirable, has ever been proposed since the world began, without being fated to meet with more opposition than encouragement, and often for no other reason than because prejudice and custom possess a more powerful influence than reason

LXXXIV

Political abuses may be corrected, nay, if they grow to any alarming extent, they have a tendency to correct themselves, and contain within themselves (like many evils in the natural body) the seeds of their own destruction. At the same time the nature of things must be altered, and politics must be a stranger to itself, before we can expect any institutions, however perfect, to adapt themselves with mathematical precision to the rules of equity and reason

LXXXV

One man may be less dependent than ano-

ther, but absolute independence, even were it desirable in the social world, is a moral phenomenon, nay, a moral impossibility. Society is a trade conducted on the principles of reciprocity, and there is no independence other than that which is purchased by our services to others.

LXXXVI

We are not always unobserved even when we think so, but though we were alone in the world, we ought to act as if the eyes of another world were upon us.

LXXXVII

The wisest of us are but infants when we are called upon to decide on a question affecting ourselves. Strange as it may appear, we are less known to ourselves than we know and are known by others, and let us not forget that in judging ourselves, though we may not be unjust, we cannot be disinterested.

LXXXVIII

Let us not deceive ourselves by supposing

that they who are naturally of a pensive cast of mind are for that reason unhappy any more than others who may be of a different temperament must necessarily be the reverse. The most hypochondriacal subject has intervals of cheerfulness, and melancholy, which, be assured, has pleasures peculiar to itself, is often found associated in the same individual with a vein of the most lively humour, like the ruby that transmits the rays of the sun when exposed to the light, or the fire that is seen to ascend from the mouth of a volcano in the darkness of the night, but disappears again at the rising of the sun.

LXXXIX

When I see a stage-coach rattling over the London pavement—sparks flying, chains rattling, and splinter-bars all alive, I picture to myself a woman in a passion !

XC

When we take into consideration that nine-tenths of the disputes in the world result from questions of property, we cannot be surprised at the want of harmony and good

feeling that is too often found to exist amongst the nearest relatives, and it is for this reason, or at least it is one reason amongst others, that we observe individuals of the same family more united amongst the poorer than amongst the richer classes

XCI

All our duties—our social duties I mean—are so many moral obligations, and which would still be duties without even the sanction of religion. It may be observed, however, if religion do not make them more binding than they otherwise would be, she at least does not make them less so, and it is the due discharge of these duties, or at least the endeavour to discharge them to the best of our ability, as far as circumstances will permit, that must ever constitute the true and solid basis of human happiness

XCII

Digestion is the cause of much that is good—indigestion of all that is bad. If the former be not the *summum bonum* of life, the latter is at least the *summum malum*

XCH

We may reason ourselves into courage, or, rather, we may reason ourselves out of fear, but tact and prudence of mind, which, though a spurious sort of courage, if courage at all, is, nevertheless, not the less desirable, and is acquired only by an habitual intercourse with the world

XCIV

On no occasion does flattery assume the appearance of truth, and consequently never is she more welcome than when it is addressed from a superior to an inferior, as the motives in this case are less open to suspicion, and the gratification will be increased in the ratio of the disparity of rank, or other circumstance, that may exist between the party flattering and the subject of the flattery. The number of unfortunate females who have been ensnared by the treacherous language of love afford no mean testimony of the truth of this assertion—" *Hinc illæ lachrymæ* "

XCV

We have no pity for others until we are in a situation to claim it ourselves

*

XCVI

Equality of rank and property is a solecism in society—we are all of us, differ as we may one from the other, component parts of the same machine, equally necessary to the whole as we are to all its parts

XCVII

Courage is evinced in words as much as in deeds, and in acts of omission not less than in those of commission

XCVIII

Never does the sun revisit the earth without reminding us of the round of our daily duties, and it is the due discharge of these duties that constitutes the history no less than the happiness of the greater part of mankind. Here and there a star more brilliant than the rest may wander from its course, but as we cannot command future

events, we must content ourselves with performing our every-day duties as they follow in their turn, and all that remains for us to do is to lie upon our oars awaiting with patience the signal of fortune

XCIX

If we are fond of a pursuit, be it ever so hazardous, we are blind to all danger, if we are not fond of it, our imagination always exaggerates the danger—sometimes invents it

C

There is no love, it is said, without jealousy, that the one implies the other, be it so at the same time it generally happens that where jealousy is most felt, there is the least ground for cherishing such a feeling, because love on one side mostly begets it on the other, and thus is at once cause and effect. Hence, where mutual love exists, there is but little temptation to infidelity, and consequently as little reason for either party encouraging any groundless suspicions

CI

Eating and drinking simultaneously is the effect of custom, and not of necessity, the practice, however, is inconsistent with reason, for it is impossible to be hungry and thirsty at one and the same time

CII

There is no right which is enjoyed by man without involving on his part a corresponding obligation

CIII

There can be no doubt that the human race, as a whole, is degenerated from its original beauty and physical strength this may be owing to several causes,—to none more, perhaps, than the customs of society and our artificial habits of life, but there can be as little doubt that the human species are as capable of being improved physically as other kinds of living beings, were the proper means adopted of carrying it into effect

CIV

No change of circumstance can make a

virtue of that which is wrong in itself, society, on the other hand, finds it sometimes convenient to make a crime of that which, abstractedly, may be a meritorious act

CV

Those whose health has been impaired by any domestic misfortune, or from the effect of those corroding cares and anxieties which are necessarily intermixed more or less with all the concerns of life, ought, in order to regain their health, to live for a time agreeably to the dictates of nature alone, regardless of time, place, and circumstance. It is not early hours under such circumstances that are necessarily desirable, but any hours, or, rather, a total forgetfulness of time, and they will do well to avail themselves of that clause in their contract with society which grants a power of dispensation, if health should demand it, from discharging the ordinary duties of life

64

CVI

“Variety, it is said, “is charming, and the author of this discovery, the truth of

which the experience of every one attests, might have added—and sometimes not less necessary than charming

CVII

Love is in some the effect of first impressions, as in others it is of slower growth, and produced by habit and circumstance—in other words, there is one sort of love the effect of experience, and another the effect of inexperience, both of them are full as much of a spiritual as of a physical character, they may, too, be equally powerful in degree, though the one, having no other foundation than imagination, is necessarily uncertain in its duration, whereas the other grows with our years, and becomes eventually a necessary part of our existence

CVIII

Present time is an idea—an imaginary point—a speck on the surface of eternity—a sort of invisible isthmus that divides the two vast oceans of the past and the future divide, for instance, a second *ad infinitum*, and what is its value ?

CIX

“ To-morrow never comes, nor does yesterday ever return, and the time will come when *to day*, which is always so faithful, will desert us also

CX

There are some who are so overburdened with scruples, and their organs of self-adjudication so exquisitely constructed, that they are no less deserving of our pity than they are entitled to our respect, whilst others are to be met with who, apparently, have no conscience at all, and so little alive are they to the ordinary feelings of human nature, that in doing a virtuous act, or abstaining from wrong, they are actuated neither by the love of virtue nor the fear of shame, but are impelled, as it were, by a sort of mechanical impulse and indeed the greater part of us only act in one particular way because we have no temptation to act in another

CXI

If you want to offend your neighbour, con-

tradict him in every thing he says, let his reasons be ever so good if you want to please him, agree with him in every thing, be it ever so absurd, or if you differ with him at all, let it be nothing more than a sort of Parthian warfare, the undulating motion of a wave, or the resistance of a woman before she surrenders to your will

CXII

Law has been called "the perfection of reason," so it may be at its birth, but not necessarily afterwards

CXIII

It has been observed that there are but five ideas in the world, and all the books that have ever been published in any part of the world are only modifications of the same ideas expressed in different words, and presented under different points of view. There is something plausible in the idea, though not perhaps strictly within the limits of truth. Locke himself says we have no innate ideas, which favours much the doctrine of plagiarism, and which is a death-blow at once to

genius and originality, for if we are not born with any ideas, and we do not borrow them from others, it is difficult to say whence they arise. It is pretty much the same with music, which, if you publish to all eternity, consists of ringing the changes on only seven sounds at most. Hence the frequent repetitions we meet with, for the greatest composers are found occasionally to borrow no less from themselves than from others.

CXIV

That every thing is for the best eventually, if not at the time, I believe to be practically no less than religiously true, I speak more especially of those events which are in the hand of Providence and over which the will of man has no control *

CXV

Melody has been well compared to the

* I pin more than an usual degree of faith to this doctrine, and it is sufficient for me that the converse can never be proved

outline, harmony to the colouring, of a picture

CXVI

There should be a law making it as disgraceful for a man to learn the use of a needle as it was in Hercules, of yore, to handle a distaff—it is the only knot that binds the sexes when ligaments of a more powerful nature have ceased to exist *

CXVII

Virtue ! ^{*} thou art but a bird in borrowed plumes—if thou condescendest only to do what is right when bidden so to do, whether it be by hope or fear

* Dr Johnson it would appear, was an advocate for his own sex serving an apprenticeship in sewing for on being informed that some one of his acquaintance had thrown himself into the river without any ostensible reason but that of being tired of life, he observed, ‘ Poor fellow ! had he only learnt in his youth to hem a pocket handkerchief, such a catastrophe would never have happened

CXVIII

I bid £100 more for a house that was to be sold, because it was announced that a stage would pass my door every hour in the day—a convenience no doubt, but there is something melancholy in the sight, it looks like a party of pleasure running away from their cares, and when they are gone, I feel more lonely than ever

CXIX

Methinks, somehow, that those whom, when living, we may have valued more highly than they deserved, we may appreciate too little when gone, and those whom we may have appreciated too little when living, are, when we are deprived of them, regretted more and forgotten less

CXX

Two books held in greater estimation than any that were ever written, are seldom, if ever, read from beginning to end--the Bible and Shakespeare

CXXI

In legislating for the many, we cannot do otherwise than lay down general laws for their observance, but an individual, if he have no one to legislate for but himself, will be wise if he regulates his concerns in such a manner as to commence the day not from the time that he rises in the morning, but from the time when he awakes. To lie in bed after the exhausted powers of nature have once been recruited is an evil of the first magnitude—it is robbing others of our time and ourselves of our health.

CXXII

The barbarous language of Shakespeare fatigues me before I get half through a play—it is as much trouble as sifting a bushel of sand in order to find a grain of gold.

CXXIII

The reason that authors fail so frequently in creating an interest for their works, whether in music or any branch of literature, is owing to their not striking home to the affec-

tions, and in order to do so, they must not be without a considerable share of feeling themselves, for after all, though we may fancy our heart to be secured by Theban walls when we buckle on our armour for the fight, it is nevertheless the most vulnerable part of our nature,* and it is on this account that Byron was, is, and will be read and admired in all ages and countries, because no one was better acquainted than himself with the art of uniting the truth of nature with the ingenuity of his trade

CXXIV

We should have boldness enough to speak

* It is well known that Napoleon had a *penchant* for a female, whom he visited clandestinely, and who lived in a street which was so indifferently lighted at night as to be dangerous to those who had occasion to pass through it. Napoleon made a formal complaint of the matter to Fouché the then prefect of police. Fouché, whose eyes were every where, was ready with his reply. "I conceived," said Fouché, "under the circumstances which have led your Majesty to be so well acquainted with the street it could not be otherwise than agreeable to your feelings to be concealed from the eyes of your faithful Parisians."

the truth when necessary, and wisdom enough to keep it to ourselves when the occasion may require it

CXXV

Life, in the abstract, is a good or an evil—a good in one sense, and an evil in another. Mankind saw this, and what did they do? They set about devising a system by means of which life should, in all cases, be the *less* of two evils, or, as a whole, a *negative* good—Society is no more

CXXVI

A virtuous and well-meaning woman* (be it not said to her reproach) once told me that during winter she went to church but once a day, which she considered once too little, but she *made up* for it in the summer by going three times a day. Now if this is not selling religion at so much an ounce——

CXXVII

Education is the battering ram that we

* If she be no more peice to her mines! She acted on *principle*, and what can the best of us do more!

make use of in besieging the citadel of the passions, and a most formidable resistance is sometimes opposed to us, but no sooner do we succeed in capturing the citadel than we put the garrison (which we find are only so many component parts of the same individual called man) under confinement, and after causing him to undergo a proper course of discipline, we at length are enabled to inoculate him with courage of a better kind—a courage which is brought by degrees to fear nothing but the fear of disgrace, and is no more to be compared with the savage ferocity he at first displayed than the crab or sloe that grows wild on our hedges is to be compared to the fruit that has been brought to perfection under the fostering care of an experienced gardener

CXXVIII

Man pursues matrimony as a means—
with woman it is the *end* of her existence

CXXIX

He who rules the destinies of millions is
frequently the slave of another's will, and we

often possess power without having the inclination or resolution to exercise it

CXXX

Natural are better than artificial stimulants, and moral stimulants better than either

CXXXI

Well has it been observed, “ *nil sine labore hominibus datur*, our existence is in every sense of the word *conditional*, and so constituted are we by nature that there is no pleasure in life which is not followed by a corresponding reaction. A *vacuum* in all cases is sure to ensue, amounting sometimes to a sense of positive pain.”

CXXXII

Do you want to be happy? Administer, then, to the wants of others. “ But I cannot afford it, or at least the remembrance of a prior claim—the just expectations of a widow or children—leaves me no room for the exercise of that charity which pity demands at my hands. Be it so but are there not offices of humanity which the poorest of us can discharge?—Does it cost

us much to look down from our elevated station on the lowly peasant, whose only compensation for the ills he may endure is the hope of another and a better world? Does it cost us much to act the part of peacemaker between parties where differences may exist, and unite in bonds of amity those who before might be opposed to each other? Does it cost us much to wean the misguided from their evil courses by the influence of our own example, and to give advice to the young and inexperienced? Does it cost us much to heal the wounded spirit, to administer consolation to those, the victims perhaps of unmerited misfortunes, who inwardly groan, though they may betray no outward expression of the pangs they suffer within? And here your labours must not end, but having discharged the duties of friendship and humanity to those of your fellow-creatures in distress, it remains for you to mix again with others whose eyes beam with gladness, and finding them happy you are not to consider you have done enough until you have done all in your power to leave them more happy still

CXXXIII

There is no conceivable limit to the variety of different instruments, any more than to the number of different airs on the same instrument that the imagination and ingenuity of man may hereafter invent

CXXXIV

All courage is negative, and we gain or lose courage precisely in proportion as we find others are more or less to be feared

CXXXV

It is seldom that we voluntarily quit the world—it more generally happens that the world quits us. It is not worth while going in pursuit of that which most assuredly will overtake us eventually—sooner, perhaps, than either we expected or wished. Let us, then, contrive to live, even if life be not desirable, because a time there will be when to live, whether we desire it or not, will no longer be in our power

CXXXVI

In some of the arts we are still inferior to the ancients (properly so called), nor much superior to them in morals, but in the sciences* and then application to the practical purposes of life we far surpass them

CXXXVII

If you have ever seen a rat pinned up in a corner, you have seen what appears to be courage, but is in reality fear put to her last shifts “Escape is impossible, says the rat, “and I will therefore sell my life as dearly as I can ”

* This is mainly owing to the discovery of the art of printing, and, in consequence, the more general *diffusion* of knowledge It is truly astonishing that at an epoch when book making as a trade was out of the question so many of the ancient *literati*, whose avocations and public duties were by no means inconsiderable could have found leisure sufficient to have devoted their time to the composition of those works (some of them containing no ordinary portion of matter) which have fallen into the hands of posterity

CXXXVIII

By caring to please nobody we make fewer enemies, if not more friends, than by trying to please every body *

CXXXIX

Modesty is the test of merit, or, rather, true merit is never found in company with vanity or an assuming deportment the reason is obvious—the greater progress we make in knowledge, the more we discover our own ignorance “ One thing at least I know,” said Socrates, “ that I know nothing ’

CXL

It is unreasonable to expect our tailor to take off *more* than 20 per cent from his bill, when we consider that the same article of dress, be it what it may, answers three

* To be “ all things to all men ’ is worthy of the eloquence of the Apostle of the Gentiles at the same time it never fails to remind me of the picture of *Shakespeare* placed between Comedy and Tragedy, or Xenophon’s representation of Hercules struggling between virtue and vice

purposes at once—warmth, decency, and fashion

CXLI

He is a rich man who lives within his income, be it ever so small he is a poor man who exceeds it, be it ever so large

CXLII

We are living in an age when it is too much the fashion to decry prejudice—indeed every thing good or bad which has been consecrated by time In avoiding the ditch on one side of the road, it is as well to recollect there is one equally deep on the other *

CXLIII

How convenient at times is the influence of habit while on some occasions, however,

* What is education itself but a prejudice, and a necessary prejudice, inasmuch as it is impossible for us to take any part in the choice of our education at an age when we have no means of judging what is best for ourselves?

it stands our best friend, there are other occasions when ~~we~~ we have reason to rue its ascendancy over our best intentions

CXLIV

The energies of Parliament are cramped by not separating morals from politics—that which is expedient from that which is inherently right We go not to the *house* to be enlightened on morals any more than we go to church to hear a treatise on political economy

CXLV

I have lived to learn (alas ! we are destined ever to be learning and never to be taught) that if we want to impose on any one, we have nothing to do but to communicate to him, in confidence, some facts which, of all others, he would suppose the least likely to be communicated, and to take care that he is convinced by the most incontrovertible evidence of the truth of what is asserted after that it is no difficult matter to make him believe that twice two make five

CXLVI

Political *principles* is too often a contradiction of terms would that it were possible, in all cases, to unite the good of the individual with the good of the community, and to make that which is convenient virtuous at the same time

CXLVII

If there were no such thing as evil in the world, there would be but little room for gratitude, which it is no less delightful to feel than to create

CXLVIII

Were I as rich as Croesus, my means of doing good would still be inadequate to my wishes, and I know not whether the pain that I feel when higher duties interpose between myself and benevolence, does not more than balance the pleasure I derive from kindling the smile of gratitude in an object of compassion

CXLIX

There is nothing of which we are more ostentatiously prodigal than of making a display of personal courage,* on occasions, too, when it is seldom appreciated, and sometimes misapplied. It is like the bell of a crier who announces the loss of a lady's lap-dog—every one hears the bell, but no one sets any value on the dog except the lady herself.

CL

Fear was certainly meant to be predominant to reason. How much unnecessary pain do we frequently suffer in a tooth before we have resolution to go to the dentist even after sentence of extraction has been passed upon it. When we consider that our teeth are no less ornamental than useful, but the cause occasionally of much pain and

* Rousseau once refused a challenge, alleging as his reason that "he thought proper to take care of Jean Jacques for the good of society. The vanity of the man is insupportable, but the soundness of the reason cannot be condemned."

inconvenience to ourselves, and which, as we cannot prevent, so are we unable to cure, there are few members of society more valuable than a skilful dentist. Shade of Robinson Crusoe ! I call upon thee to attest the truth of what I assert

Let us look upon all the world, without exception, as related to us by the ties of blood. Let us look upon our fellow creatures as members of the same family with ourselves, and who have equal claims on our affection, and an equal right to command those services which it is no less our interest than our duty to perform. It matters not whether one may be richer than another, or some enjoy a better state of health than others, it matters not whether one may have a talent for this thing, another for that. Even within the narrow limits of a private family conventional as well as natural distinctions are to be found. The eldest boy, naturally enough, boasts of being the lawful heir of his father, though his father may die without having wherewithal to pay the ex-

penes of his funeral Jane is never ogled at but she immediately eyes askance the classical outline of her nose, Maria never loses an opportunity of displaying the form and regularity of her teeth, and poor Fanny, though with little else to captivate, spends more time than all her sisters together in arranging the raven locks which nature has showered down upon her in such plentiful profusion. Now these distinctions, invidious as they may be, are forgotten, or rather eclipsed, by higher considerations. We rather pity those who are less fortunate than ourselves, than envy others the possession of what can never be our own. We feel that we are bound together by the same ties of consanguinity, that we have the same parents in common, and that our happiness reciprocally depends one upon the other, and squabble as we occasionally may amongst ourselves, we are all ready to lend hand and heart and contribute our modicum of assistance in supporting one another when assaulted by a common enemy.

CLII

What a singular feature is it in the history of the human mind, that when we are ill or suffer pain, (say, the tooth ache,) we never feel disposed to reproach the Deity as being the cause or in any way instrumental to our sufferings, and yet we know, if He be omnipotent, he could ordain otherwise, and yet, as soon as the pain ceases, or we enjoy even an intermission of it, our heart immediately expands with gratitude towards the Giver of all good. Now what is to be inferred from so singular a fact? Is it that we feel to deserve our affliction in consequence of any acts of our own? or is it that we think them produced by any other evil spirit that may be ill-disposed towards us? I think neither. What others may infer I know not, perhaps they know not themselves. To whatever other cause it may be attributed, it exculpates the Deity at once from the imputation of entertaining any feeling of hostility or unkindness to his creatures.

CLIII

We are hanged for doing on one side of the church door that which it is a duty to do on the other

CLIV

We are too apt to suppose that the luxuries of life are enjoyed exclusively by the rich, forgetting that what may be a luxury to one may not be so to another besides, there are many necessities of life which are at the same time luxuries—the gratification of an appetite as often as it may return is a luxury which the poor are as capable of enjoying as the rich

CLV

There is no nation so fond of money as the English, and none who, on public occasions, part with it so readily

CLVI

If courtship be attended with any gratification, it is all on the side of the female, for

which they are indebted to the tardy and disheartening mode of warfare prescribed by society more than to any sincerity and goodwill on the part of him over whom she may glory in gaining a momentary triumph. Love! with all my heart but heaven protect me from *making* it!—it is like unravelling a skein of silk entangled with a thousand knots

CLVII

If you are insulted, never scruple to lay your adversary at your feet. If you find him not to be a gentleman, (or rather of the same rank with yourself,) make him every reparation in your power, even though you be sentenced to dine with him the next day. If he be a gentleman, he will feel it expedient to take certain measures in defence of a principle which is dearer to him than life, but he will *prove* to you on the ground that he considered himself the aggressor

CLVIII

Under the influence of indigestion we see every thing through a false medium. How

often we feel unhappy without knowing why, and feeling at the same time, perhaps, that we have done nothing to forfeit that which we consider to be our just inheritance Reason may do her best in endeavouring to argue us into happiness, but imagination, which is often, alas! too powerful for our reason, pushes herself forward, and proves to us how useless the attempt

CLIX

It is want that regulates the value of every article, even the necessaries of life Pictures, for instance, which are only worth so much painted canvass, are sold every day for thousands of pounds Houses are built at an enormous prime cost, the materials of which would not repay the expense of pulling them down; and the same bank-note which is tendered in payment of a bill has been known at a later period to be cast aside as useless

CLX.

There is a disposition in man to fly from himself It may be observed of the world in

general that they are never more at home than when they are abroad *

CLXI

We are courageous enough when our country presides at the ordeal with the star and riband on the right, and threatened on the left with the sword that is to be broken over our heads, but not enough so when called upon to act in opposition to our interests. Alas! what is man? How weak are the strongest of us! We should be apt, indeed, to imagine that virtue was but a name, did we not meet her every day of our life, supported on one side by hope, and on the other by fear

CLXII

Expediency, thou god of this nether world!
Expediency, thou pirate that roamest from one end of the world to the other under the protection of colours which are not thine own! thou impostor, who art disguised in the garb of jus-

* A witty Frenchman being asked why he did not marry a certain female, (to whom he was much attached,) replied 'because in that case I should not know where to spend my evenings

tice' thou utterer of false com' thou standing
 reproach of a fallen and degenerate world'
 thou who too well succeedest in counterfeiting
 the semblance of justice' words would fail
 me were I to attempt to describe the manifold
 and heinous crimes which are committed
 in thy name *

* It will not be believed an hundred years hence that,
 until lately in enlightened England an article of food
 existed under the name of game which was not allowed
 to be sold. The legislature finding that the practice ex-
 isted in spite of the law, passed another law to prevent
 game being bought which however was found to be
 equally inefficient in suppressing the practice. To have
 reached the climax of this mockery of legislation it
 only remained for parliament to have passed another bill
 prohibiting the eating of game. Proud as I am of my
 country I blushed to find men of education and expe-
 rience justifying to the last, such an absurd and unjust
 monopoly (than which nothing could have a greater ten-
 dency to create a general disregard of all laws) on the
 ground of expediency the expediency consisting in the
 inducement it held out to certain sportsmen to
 reside on their estates—an argument undoubtedly of
 some weight, if inducements of a higher and more im-
 portant kind could not be found to reconcile them to
 the habits and duties of a country life but the question
 nevertheless was debated on the erroneous assumption
 that were the sale of game legalized—coupled with a

CLXIII

There is no greater accomplishment than that of walking, and yet horses, whose education is less expensive, walk better than ourselves. It is neglected for no other reason than because it appears so easy to be acquired.

CLXIV

Duelling† in the usual acceptation of the term, is a contract attested by witnesses, and nothing but the discovery of force or fraud on one side or both can render it an illegal* action.

CLXV

My conscience forbids me, said Lady B to Sir John S., to take any step towards promoting a *match*, even if I thought it de-

more extended qualification to go in pursuit of it—those animals commonly distinguished as being *fera natura* or game would eventually become extinct.

* I use the word illegal because if the judicature act in opposition to so obvious a truth, it may be law indeed but it is not justice.

snable, on the other hand, if I am aware of any circumstance likely to militate against the happiness of parties under an engagement to marry, I am the first to make it known. How unlike to her sex if Lady B really acted on a principle at once so wise and humane !

CLXVI

Is it possible there can be any pleasure (but pleasure is undefinable, or man is perverse) in blasting the reputation of a woman—in leaving her a lonely wreck—a star that we miss out of the moral hemisphere—to be drifted on the stormy ocean of life, the sport of every wind that blows—an object to be pointed at by the idle straggler on the beach, and a victim of despair, whom even the waves appear to deny the consolation of a watery grave !

CLXVII

The difference between the idle man and the man of business is this—the one waits upon time, the other kills it

CLXVIII

"Love of progeny" in the abstract is a *façon de parler*." Hate of progeny has an equal right to be considered a natural feeling. We may have *reasons* for desiring offspring, but the love of progeny, for its own sake, is unknown to human nature

CLXIX

How absurd to be afraid of death when we are in the habit of rehearsing it every night of our lives!

CLXX

Men of genius live in an atmosphere peculiar to themselves, and taste of pleasures unknown to the common herd of mankind. How different from the trouble of thinking is that state of listlessness when the visions of fancy wait on the mind—it is like the running-down of a clock compared to the labour of winding it up.

CLXXI

Poetry consists more in the idea than in

the stringing of words "The friends of my youth," said I, 'where are they?' and a voice answered, "where are they? "*

CLXXII

Let society rather follow in thy train than be the object of thy pursuit To be alone is not desirable, but it is worse to be the slave of the world

CLXXIII

Is it supposed then that the rich are necessarily idle? There cannot be a greater mistake, there is no class of society who are doomed to undergo a longer apprenticeship or give a higher premium when they are bound, and if they have fewer opportunities than others of turning their time or abilities to account, it is seldom by their own desire

CLXXIV

How often do we turn adrift the devoted companion of our youthful years to make room for a female who usurps her place on

no other ground than the accident of birth
Is matrimony, under such circumstances, a
religious act ? Nay, is it not an immoral one ?

CLXXV

There is no country in which political freedom is better understood than in England, but there are many countries where the charities of private life are practised with greater success

CLXXVI

“ If they sacrifice your life, said Cromwell to one of his courtiers, who was sent on a special embassy to the court of Spain on some ticklish affair of state, “ the head of every Spaniard in my dominions shall pay for it ” “ That may be, master, ’ replied the ambassador, “ but not one of those heads, perhaps, would be found to fit my shoulders On the same principle public executions can never benefit or make restitution to the party injured, add to which, public executions are attended with this consequence—that other parties who are innocent (the relatives, for instance of the criminal) not only share in

the disgrace, but may be deprived of one who might be essential to their happiness, and contribute to their maintenance and support

CLXXVII

A gentleman once having expressed his surprise to a lady that more harmony did not exist between herself and her husband, with both of whom he was on the best of terms, pointing to her shoe, she asked him what he thought of it “ It fits admirably, was the reply, “ nothing can sit better to the foot, one would suppose that the shoe and the foot were made one for the other—it was neither too small nor too large “ Others,” rejoined she, “ have thought the same, and will scarcely believe that it occasions me much pain, but I have never yet met with any one except the wearer who is able to point out where the shoe pinches *

* The above observation, which the author has put into the mouth of a female, was actually made by Paulus Aemilius as recorded in the following recital — He afterwards divorced (query abandoned?) ‘ Papiria and when his friends wished to reprobate his conduct in

CLXXVIII

As objects diminish in size in the ratio of their distance from us, so women measure their existence by the gradual decay of their charms. Men, on the other hand, have no other idea of existence than in the acquisition of money, and are more expert in counting their dollars than their years. The gambler who destroys himself because he is tired of losing, and the merchant, who retires from business because he is tired of gaining, practise, in effect, the same doctrine.

CLXXIX

If we feel unhappy in awaking without being able to assign a reason for it, be assured it proceeds from no other cause than a temporary derangement of the digestive or

doing so, by observing that she was young and handsome and that she had made him father of a fine family. Paulus replied, that the shoe which he then wore was new and well made, but that he was obliged to leave it off, though no one but himself knew, as he said, where it pinched him. —Vide Lempriere's Dictionary, where the classical authorities are given.

gans Let us never commit an act of injustice against ourselves, still less against the Author of our being, by putting the saddle on the wrong horse

CLXXX

Happiness is the port to which we are all chartered, but even were the wind in our favour, the shoals and quicksands which are sure to lie in the way render a shipwreck far from improbable

CLXXXI

Is it true that there are only seven notes or sounds in nature, or have we fallen in love with the word *seven* only because Moses would not allow us to work *seven* days in succession, and Shakspeare divided the life of man into *seven* ages, and Newton¹ following his example, divided the sun into as many colours, and Homer, not wishing to be different from the rest, contrived to be born in *seven* cities* at once ?

¹ “ Smyrna Chios, Colophon, Samos, Rhodus, Argos, Athenæ,
Oribis de patriâ certat, Homeric, tua

CLXXXII

Conceited and vain-glorious man ! what art thou with all thy spluttering and blustering but a hollow drum—a clod of the soil waiting for the first frost that arrives to crumble thee into dust ?

CLXXXIII

There is but one step, said Napoleon, fromⁿ the sublime to the ridiculous, so there is but one step from an act of high treason to the exercise of regal power *

CLXXXIV

Society, indeed, relieves us of the responsibility of sin by punishing it, if detected, in this world, but unlike to our confessor, she

* As was instanced, in his own person, on the occasion of his dissolving the Council of Five Hundred as Cromwell before him dissolved the Long Parliament

There is something stirring as well as instructing in meeting with these occasional acts of human daring, where the alternative of the block on one side and a throne on the other has depended on the cast of a single die !

betrays the confidence reposed in her by exposing us in the eyes of the world

CLXXXV

Man loves only to betray—women love but once, and then intensely, and the burning light which was intended for others often lures them to their own destruction

CLXXXVI

Man loves and knows not why—women love for the best of all reasons—because they are loved

CLXXXVII

To love is with man a natural right, and he exercises it with impunity—women enjoy the same right, but let them not forget that, unlike to civil rights, it entails no corresponding obligation

CLXXXVIII

Women never surrender part of their affections without surrendering the whole, and that, as often as not, to the least deserving

CLXXXIX

Love, with women, is the history of their life, with man, a " tale that is told "

CXC

Angels are of either sex, if they are of any at all, why, then, not contemplate the Deity as being of either sex indifferently ?*

CXCI

The love of man is the shadow that passes over a corn-field, and is gone when we return —woman's love is the field itself over which it passes*

CXCII

What is the use of being loved without loving in return The dinner-bell rings, and behold me without my customary appetite ! Another enviable being passes me *aux grands*

* The author says not this irreverently, it having often occurred to him that the attributes of power and wisdom more peculiarly belong to the male sex whereas that of goodness is more naturally associated with her who gave us birth

pas on his way to the dining-room, and telling me he never felt so hungry in his life, but can I share with him his appetite, or can he give me so much of it as may be superfluous to himself?

CXCIII

It is impossible to love without feeling it, but it is possible to be loved without even knowing it, and never feeling it we never appreciate it

CXCIV

In relieving an object of charity who sat begging by the way-side, I observed to him, "you appear, my friend, to suffer much" "Ah!" he replied, "the more I suffer in this world, the less I shall have to suffer hereafter" If that is your opinion, thought I to myself, God forbid that any one should disturb you in so comfortable a creed There may be many who are richer than yourself, but few who are wiser and happier

CXCV

A took a cotton umbrella by mistake for

a silk one of the same colour—what a fool !
 The legal owner coming afterwards takes the
 silk one, knowing it to belong to another—
 what a knave ! *

CXCVI

There was much force in the observation
 of a distinguished individual of the present
 day,* who was called to order for lashing
 with unmeasured severity one of the high
 functionaries of the state “ Does he not,”
 said the orator,† “ pocket £20,000 per annum
 of the public money ? why, I should be glad
 to be abused for half the sum !

*†

CXCVII

“ When a man once exceeds his income,”
 said the late George Rose, “ there is little
 security for his honour Too true, alas !
 though it were a pity that so sacred a thing

* The old adage, viz exchange is no robbery, is not
 true, unless the “ exchange” be of equal value

† Lord Brougham —The author takes upon himself
 to report the substance of the observation, though he
 vouches not for the precise terms in which it was made

as honour should have any thing in common with money

CXCVIII

How cruel the fate of those (and yet such instances occur) who plunge into an abyss of misery, not to obtain riches or honour, but the credentials of a factitious respectability 'Virtue' there are occasions when two heavens would scarcely repay thee !

CXCIX

There is a distinguished individual now living so consummate a master of human nature, that he has attained the summit he now enjoys by any thing but straightforward means, and has acquired such a reputation for duplicity, that it frequently happens whilst his adverse party is engaged in mystifying a self evident proposition, and in looking for a mare's-nest where none exists, he carries his point by the force of truth alone *

* It is reported of the same individual that being called upon to swear allegiance to the existing government, he observed This is no less than the thirteenth oath of

CC

There are many things enjoined as secrets which are intended for publication

CCI

One hundred and one rounds of artillery announced the birth of the King of Rome—the last note of Rossini's masterpiece was the signal of his immortality *

CCII

A religion is still wanting that shall combine the amiable weaknesses of the Catholic with the better spirit of the Protestant religion

the kind I have taken within the last fifty years, (and which, of course, he had as often violated) ' God grant for the peace of my country, it may be the last '

* Music being a matter of taste, the world must necessarily be divided in opinion respecting the merits of his works Had Rossini written nothing more than the well known air *Di tanti palpiti* he would have written enough for his fame The *Il Barbiere di Siviglia* is perhaps on the whole his most admired, if not his most finished, performance

CCIII

Though his dauntless courage commands respect, Luther was too much of a bloodhound, and the memory of Calvin is stained with a crime,* which even the cause in which it was committed cannot excuse

CCIV

We have no right to purchase happiness at the expense of our neighbour's, and even if we had the right, the exercise of it could only be justified by the policy of the highwayman and the virtue of the gambler

CCV

I witnessed the other day the departure of an innocent young female for a distant colony, surrounded by her poor and aged parents and a disconsolate lover. A finer subject for the pencil of Rubens could not be conceived—it had all the bitterness of death without any of its consolation †

* The murder of Servetus

† These exhibitions, of such painful interest to the bystander in this age of emigration are not of unfrequent occurrence

CCVI

Caution is the tactics of inferior minds—the boldest rider is sure to be in at the death

CCVII

“*Est modus in rebus*” was said by one whose country is now no more; but the words are destined to be true to the end of time. The Frenchman never sells a book without offering to cut the leaves for his customer, and the Englishman gives away his purse (with all its contents), throwing it one way and looking another

CCVIII

England may be again overrun by Saxons, Danes, and Normans, but her insulated position, aided by that *esprit de corps* or nationality which so eminently distinguishes her, will always enable her to rank as one of the great family of nations

CCIX

Let us doubt, if we must, but be careful

not to fall into the most dangerous of all fallacies—not to believe for no other reason than because it is beyond our comprehension, or because it is not submitted to the evidence of our outward senses. Do we not die in the belief of the existence of America, though we have never crossed the Atlantic? Was there no such person as the son of Philip of Macedon, though Aristotle be not alive to testify to the existence of his pupil?

CCX

I dread the snapping of the last tie that binds me to society. Rather than wander over the earth—every where a stranger—sooner would I share the fate of Mazeppa, or be dragged at the courser's tail round the walls of Troy!

C CXI

How rapidly our prejudices melt away under the meridian of knowledge, they are not, however, without their use, and we should have many a tumble in after-life were it not for the leading-strings of education.

CCXII

There is a bearing about the well-bred man which will bend to any thing without losing its balance, whereas the mock-majesty of the coxcomb is the starch that loses its virtue in the atmosphere of a ball-room

CCXIII

I met her on the road to the temple of Hymen—the self immolated victim of a doubtful futurity—and as I gazed upon the flushed cheek and downcast eye, methought I was gazing on the God of day descending to his rest !

CCXIV

If I were to adjudge a prize for any further discovery in the sciences, it would be to discover the cause of that predilection for sporting which is so prominent in the English character *

* At a dinner party at which the author was present, a thousand pounds besides other bets of a less amount were taken on the issue of a race between two ma

CCXV

There is a power abroad, a moral impulse that is above and beyond all control both human and divine, it is influenced neither by the hope of reward nor the fear of any specific punishment, and while it affects not to disdain the award of God and man, it feels conscious of possessing a power superior to either, whether or not it be of artificial growth it operates like a natural instinct it has neither length or breadth, nor form or colour, but like an epidemic is known only by the effects it produces we are the authors and subjects of it at once it is the breath of our nostrils, capricious indeed in its opera-

gots, (served up by mistake with the dessert,) which were struggling with uncertain success to reach the extremity of the table

On another occasion a young clergyman from the sister kingdom was recounting to a gentleman who sat on the opposite side of the table, the feats he had achieved in the field After having listened to him with the most unwearied patience, 'How fortunate,' observed the other, who knew but little of sporting, and cared less, 'that when the world was created, foxes were not forgotten

tions, but exercising an inconceivable power over the moral destinies of man, creating for us a reputation one moment, and consigning it the next to a premature grave. In a word, it is public opinion of no intrinsic value, but which will ever be taken on credit as long as human nature is as it is — It is the Great Seal — the water-mark — the stamp of the Goldsmiths Company — the oath of a Christian — the security of a bondsman — the hostage of an enemy — the credit of a merchant — the honour of a peer

CCXVI

I am unhappy, and feel thankful that life is so short — I am happy, and the idea that it might have been shorter makes me happier still

CCXVII

After frittering away half the year in the factitious amusements of a dissipated capital, it is refreshing to descend into a different element, and learn to feel what we are not, and what others might be

CCXVIII

Virtually, there are but two classes in society—those who have enough, and those who wish to have enough

CCXIX

Music, you say, was the invention of man undoubtedly, but did man create the element that conducts the sound, or the ear that receives it ?

CCXX

We must be ignorant before we gain experience—foolish before we are wise, aye, and with regard to virtue, (like certain diseases in the physical 'world,) it may sometimes happen that we are wiser before we are better

CCXXI

You equals can take care of themselves Having already passed the Rubicon and overtaken you on the road, they are seeking an opportunity of outstripping you in the race, but your inferiors are the orphans which are left in your charge by the will of their departed

parent Speak to them with kindness, act to them with humanity, and think of them with pity, and forget not, in the plenitude of thy power, and the exuberance of thy wealth, it is they who have been the means of seating thee on thy throne, and it is for their sakes, and theirs alone, that thou art entrusted with the power, privileges, and immunities you enjoy

CCXXII

I have seen reason at the bottom of the treacherous bowl—I have seen her fly before the face of an unexpected soul that was supposed to have been lost—I have seen her tripped up by adversity—and I once saw her lying at the feet of a powerful rival, who, offering to light her on the way, decoyed her to her own destruction

CCXXIII

The continence of Scipio is delightful to dwell upon—must a Christian, then, condescend to learn virtue from a heathen? or was it that Scipio was so far in advance of the age he lived in that he foresaw “the shadow that coming events cast before them?”

CCXXIV

The public character of a man is the tinsel that is worn at court his private character is the service of gold that is deposited at his banker's

CCXXV

We are fated, in this life, even to be *in character*—if we have any thing to conceal, disguise is absolutely necessary, if we have not, the world are so mistrustful that we cannot prevail upon them to take us at our own valuation

CCXXVI

Opposition begets opposition, in endeavouring to smother a fire we only make it burn more fiercely

CCXXVII

Be wholly candid, or not at all so—be deceitful only when you cannot be otherwise

CCXXVIII

Affections when misplaced is like a harp-sichord out of tune—but how puzzling to

know where to place them ! We have all the colours of the rainbow before us, but it is only two of them when united will give us the colour we want

CCXXIX

What is party ? It has been called “ the madness of the many for the benefit of the few ” To do wrong at any time is painful to our feelings, but how often are we obliged, in this world of expediency, to purchase a greater good with a smaller evil ?

CCXXX

In our conduct to animals less gifted than ourselves, let us not forget that we are only the elder born of our mother's womb, and whatever may be the number of her children, we are all equally dear in the eye of our common Parent *

* It is a reproach to civilization, a reproach to humanity, a reproach to the age we live in, and above all a reproach to England that there should exist in this country any necessity for societies,† for prosecuting under

† The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals
Fetter Hall Strand

CCXXXI

The love of woman is gold that is tried in the fire—The love of man is too often alloyed with baser metals

the law for the protection of the brute creation Humanity to dumb animals would undoubtedly have been placed by Christianity high on the list of moral virtues, had it not been supposed that though we might occasionally be tempted to oppress those who might be weaker than ourselves and subject to our control yet the love of cruelty for its own sake was at once so improbable and abhorrent to our feelings, that it was unknown to human nature Even the lowest of the brute creation do not appear to possess any propensity of the kind, yet the instances of cruelty in this country, which are too well attested, and for the exposure of which we are mainly indebted to the admirable associations to which I have alluded, lead us to conclude that there still remains much heartless depravity in this (it is to be feared more than in any other) country, notwithstanding of late years the great spread of education In the character of the English as a nation there is undoubtedly too much of the Roman, and too little of the Athenian §

The author was grieved to think that, when a bill was brought into Parliament on the subject by the late member for Galway, it was observed by a respectable and influential individual in the lower house ‘What I

CCXXXII

We hold out our arms to embrace a future world, but not till we are too old to satisfy the desires of the present

CCXXXIII

The happiness of each individual is the world of that individual Is the happiness, then, of *two* worlds (I allude to matrimony) a matter of no consideration ? or are we to be cashiered from society because in the hurry of battle we may have mistaken our colours ?

CCXXXIV

Are we ambitious ? Let us stop at nothing short of the empire of the Pope, whose dominions extend to another world

are we to legislate for brutes ? Why not ? Is it not enough to deprive them of their liberty without subjecting them to unnecessary cruelty ? No doubt overlooked the *negative* good to be derived from it—viz humanizing ~~his~~ ^{his} own species, and, by the application of punishment to themselves, teaching them to feel for others

CCXXXV

After the overthrow of the French monarchy, when Napoleon was recognized as the chief of the new order of things, it is refreshing to find* that the *pas* at court was invariably given to the Pope's nuncio, though a national church at that period of political disorganization was scarcely re-established in the land—a proof at once of good sense and good feeling .

CCXXXVI

A Frenchman salutes every man he meets as his own brother Englishmen, who never met before, look at each other like the man, who, returning after an absence of seven years, finds his wife in the arms of a second husband

CCXXXVII

To let the animal run away with its own strength till you can draw it out with less pain to itself and greater case to ourself, is knowledge which cannot be supplied by all the universities in Europe

CCXXXVIII

There is so close an affinity between pain and pleasure, that the latter is as often expressed by tears as by smiles

CCXXXIX

Let us begin by studying things as they ought to be, and finish by studying them as they are, and if we cannot make things better than they are, let us not forget that they might have been worse

CCXL

A woman is not to be condemned for adorning her person. If the journeyman have completed the task of his employer, who will begrudge him a few hours to work on his own account, and increase the scanty income he may possess? But let her not forget that the other sex seldom allows their imagination to be beguiled by outward show, they know, on reflexion at least, that their *home* is concealed in the recesses of the heart, and one ray that falls from the eye of artless innocence is of more value than the

horses of Phidias,* for which the world went to war, or the dome of the Vatican,† though it be covered with gold

CCXLI

The meeting of extremes is in no instance more frequently exemplified than in religion, “the greater the sinner the greater the saint,” and we seldom begin to teach what is right till we are no longer able to give the lie to our words by practising what is wrong

CCXLII

We begin breakfast with drinking, dinner with eating,‡ and no meal are we in the

* What adds to the value of all works of art, and makes them more in request, is that they are incapable of reproduction they may be imitated indeed, but we cannot publish a second edition of them as of a book

† “The golden dome of the Vatican”—*Eustace*

‡ Soup forms no exception—we do not drink soup, we only sip. If this assertion require further confirmation, we appeal to the following paragraph “At a meeting of the Lincoln Temperance Society last week, the question was raised whether the use of brandy in cookery, particularly in plum puddings, would be an infringement of the rules. After a long and grave debate, in

habit of taking without eating and drinking alternately, though hunger and thirst are as different from each other as seeing and hearing

CCXLIII

There are degrees of virtue in the moral world as there are degrees of health in the physical, and both in the one and in the other we are sometimes fated to be 'worse before we are better

CCXLIV

There is not a more aristocratical nation on the face of the globe than England, renowned as it is for the freedom of its political institutions, and thus, for its own good, as a nation, it ought to continue * The higher

which much ingenuity was displayed, it was resolved that brandy in pudding is *eaten*, and not drunk * and that, therefore, it does not fall within the list of articles prohibited" *Morning Herald, August, 1833*

* Invidious is may be inequality of rank and property, (or, rather, property and rank, for the one seems to follow necessarily in the train of the other,) it should not be forgotten that though some may have the good fortune to

and lower orders in most of the continental states meet each other half-way, without either of them risking the loss of caste, (as the Rhone and the Soane blend their waters, though they may still be distinguished by their respective colours,) but the genius of the English character does not admit of such an amalgamation

CCXLV

“ *Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute,*” say the French, and with too much truth It is the bantering of expediency quartered on virtue

CCXLVI

The memory of Castlereagh is cursed for maiming a handful of his countrymen at Manchester—Napoleon has his admirers, though he ordered his cannon to be pointed at innocent thousands in Paris *

inherit both one and the other yet there is no one, how ever humble his station, who is debarred by any law in these realms from rising to the highest honours which the country can bestow, and instances of which are not wanting in every department of the state

* It has been thought that the late Marquis of Lon

CCXLVII

In nine cases out of ten it is the pistol that fights, and not the individual

CCXLVIII

“ I will go down to posterity with the Code* in my hand,” said the hero of a thousand battles What a homage this to the more durable empire of mind !

Donderry might have made more advantageous terms for his country at the epoch of Napoleon's downfall be this as it may others under the same circumstances might have done no better It was no trifling testimony to his merits that Mr Canning, who succeeded him in office, professed to follow in the same track which his predecessor had chalked out, as far, at least as regarded his foreign policy nor has justice ever yet been done to his memory at the tribunal of public opinion, considering the difficult card he had to play during one of the most stormy periods of our political history, not to mention the virtues with which his private life was adorned, and respecting which there is no difference of opinion The author takes leave to add that there is at least an anomaly in his country having awarded him a public funeral, and yet no tablet erected to his memory is to be found in the cathedral where he was interred

The new code of laws that was framed during the consulship of Bonaparte and commonly termed *Le Code Napoléon*

CCXLIX

The mouth of the pistol may leave us un-
harméd—the mouth of the public is a vortex
that swallows us alive *

CCL

If not forgiven here, who can say there is
no redemption for us *above*? The fractured
limb is sounder for being set—the tear of the
Magdalen is the baptism of another world

CCLI

When I see any one covered with stars
and ribands, I believe them to be a test of
merit, and that the party so distinguished
possesses more than an ordinary claim on the
consideration of society, nor can the custom
of thus rewarding those who have deserved
well of their country, and with so little cost
to the public, be too highly extolled By

- * ‘ Who steals my purse steals trash ‘
But he that filches from me my good name
Robs me of that which not enriches him
And makes me poor indeed ’—*Shakespeare*

means of these insignia which we carry about our person, our fame is blazoned abroad go where we may, whereas without an ostensible badge, let our deserts be what they may, we are overlooked and lost in the crowd. While, however, they not only serve the purpose of remuneration or acknowledgement for past services, but operate prospectively, in encouraging others to follow in the same wake, we are uncharitable enough to mistrust that, if all the delinquencies both of head and heart of the same party were telegraphed in a similar manner, the stars and ribands in the one case would far outnumber the stars and ribands in the other, and we are reminded of the philosopher who, on some one remarking the number of trophies that were deposited in the temple of Neptune, in testimony of the gratitude of those who had escaped from shipwreck, replied, Yes! but if the trophies of all who were drowned were there also, the latter would probably be more numerous than the former.

CCLII

He who is not making a fortune is spending two

* CCLIII

An habitual and uninterrupted intercourse with the world may render us less bashful, but courage, which presupposes danger, is always assumed for the occasion

CCLIV

We prefer obeying some to commanding others

CCLV

Lord North doted on his wife, and the destinies of the nation, as long as he was minister, were ruled by her nod Pericles was said also to be influenced by a favourite mistress * What, then, are we to infer?—that public duties are incompatible with private?—We do not say that, but we contend there is no one without a weakness peculiar to himself, nor is Achilles† the only man who went into battle unarmed at all his points

* *Aspasia*

† The ancient legend of Achilles being invulnerable except in one heel, is too well known to render any further remark necessary

CCLVI

The virtuous man quarrels with the world because others are not so good as himself, the bad man eyes the world with equal suspicion, afraid that others should outdo him in villainy *

CCLVII

Great occasions make great men, and great men have been defined to be those who prevent the necessity of other men as great as themselves

CCLVIII

Not to shew our sense of wrong is robbing right of what is its due

CCLIX

Death has been called "the king of ter-

* Let us not forget that human nature is much the same every where, and that education, in the main, makes us what we are if, therefore, others are worse than ourselves, it may not be wholly their fault and for the same reason, if we are better than others, the credit is not altogether due to ourselves

rois ' How misapplied is the term ! If we hesitate to die, it is nothing more than an unwillingness to part with that we possess, without being sure of changing it for something better

CCLX

On some occasions it may be expedient to assume passions , on all occasions it is expedient to control them

CCLXI

If it be true that we never act without reference to our own interest, it is equally true that we may have more motives than one for doing the same act Do we taste the wine that is before us until we have pledged our duty to one, our love to another, and health to all ?

CCLXII

There is no greater act of public virtue than to sacrifice present popularity to posthumous fame *

* Canning, born for empire and for rule—Canning,

CCLXXI

Cold in winter we regard not, because we expect it, but if it be less severe than usual, we place it to the account of a considerate Providence

CCXIV

The father deprives his child of his daily bread if perchance he oversleep himself—the mother warns him from the bed of sloth, by pointing out to him the beauties of the rising sun

the spank'd slave of Ambition's fiery lust—no sooner had the wanton laid prostrate at his feet a bewildered but misgiving world, than, meteor like, he disappeared from amongst us, leaving unmatured the conceptions of a mind big with his country's fate England stood for a while like Rachel weeping for her children when Wellington, emerging from an honourable retreat, start, like a new creation into political existence and though his name be already associated with his country's glory—himself second to no one in honesty of purpose and that fearlessness which honesty inspires—a time will come—come when it may—when, removed to another sphere, he will call upon the ungrateful Athenians to do justice to the memory of one who if loved by few, is feared by many and admired by all

CCLXV

Some are destined to live and die in blessed ignorance, others, again, know too much before their judgement enables them to separate, like Newton, the rays of the sun

CCLXVI,

May the sun which rose upon us pale, wan, and sickly, hiding itself ever and anon behind a cloud of doubtful omen, gather up its energies as it rolls on in its appointed course, and go down to its rest in a blaze of unmitigated glory!*

CCLXVII

We are courageous on reflection—we are fearful by impulse *

* “Hardy kiss me, said the gallant Nelson with his dying breath There is something touching in his claiming, at the hands of a brother officer, this earnest of his country’s gratitude and the weakness of the man must be overlooked in the achievements of the hero —
Vide *Southey’s Life of Nelson*

CCLXVIII

It is not the flash which we see, nor the report which we hear, which strikes us to the earth, but the ball which does its work in secret. Is not the long silence of a faithless lover more painful to us than the language of anger and unmerited abuse, which we forgive for the sake of hearing once more the voice of him who is dear to us ?

CCLXIX

The most pleasing—not the most useful—style of composition is that book, the contents of which are no sooner read than forgotten, and in looking out of the window we find the sun has travelled faster than usual.

CCLXX

It is possible to err on the side of caution, the world makes us cautious enough in spite of ourselves. What a world to live in! To be bad because others are so! but let us not, notwithstanding, make it our profession to be cautious, but rather let us consider it as a coat

that is laid by for a rainy day Do we not prefer the wildness of the flowing mane to the bandages which at night conceal it from our view ?

CCLXXI

We live in an age so censorious and so licentious withal, that the ^{*}difference between a virtuous woman and one who is lost to herself and to society is scarcely more than this—the one blazons her own infamy, the other is spared the trouble of doing it

CCLXXII

Throw up a feather to find the wind, and you will see a man half way between his own door and his dentist's

CCLXXIII

What philosophy is contained in the following words, which I once overheard in a crowd, feeling as I did that he who uttered them might be inferior to his assailant in wealth, but superior to him both in temper and sense “ Sir, you are mistaken,” said

A, measuring his words as he spoke, " it is others that are pushing me "

CCLXXIV

The outside trappings which we assume when we go into public are more frequently wanted at home than abroad

CCLXXV

A question arises between two individuals—the one may be brought to confess that he misunderstood the other, but to acknowledge himself in error is a greater price than he can afford to give even for the truth

CCLXXVI

When we condemn reflexion, it is not that we preach up thoughtlessness, if the one be the giddy prerogative of youth, the other is alike unprofitable, and the bane of human happiness

CCLXXVII

Horace Walpole, in his account of the trial of the Scottish rebels in the eighteenth century, speaks of the squeamish affec-

tation of Lord Windsor, who qualified his verdict (" Guilty upon my honour ") by adding, " the sense of what I owe to my country, I am sorry to say, leaves me no other alternative,' or words to that effect, now, if he felt what he said, which was probably the case, especially when we consider it was a trial in which one peer was sitting on the life of another peer, and that the offence for which he was tried was purely political, why—so far from being a reproach to him, it was the brightest jewel in his coronet—it was the homage that was due to well-meant but mistaken patriotism—it mitigated the stroke of inexorable justice by separating the *offence* from the *offender*, and whilst it pleaded the cause of humanity here below, it was an earnestness of forgiveness in another world

CCLXXVIII

" Knowledge ' might have been " power " in the time of Bacon, and in all times will be exemplified by the ascendancy which man has acquired over the brute creation, but so generally diffused is knowledge in the present

age that it can scarcely be said to distinguish one individual from another, and is no longer power when others are as wise as ourselves

CCLXXIX

How often are we indebted to others in our youth for settling a dispute between ourselves and our passions I suppose our passions are always in the wrong, for they invariably are cast in the suit

CCLXXX

“ But Cæsar’s wife should be above suspicion ’ Yes, it is the rich after all that are the most heavily taxed It is the front ranks which have to stand the brunt of the enemy’s fire

CCLXXXI

The world is arrived at such a zenith of iniquity that we meet with no one now a-days who is ashamed of any thing but of being ashamed !

CCLXXXII

So much are we the slaves of the world

that we sometimes hesitate to do an action which is prompted by the heart, fearful that it may be mistaken by others for an act of treachery to ourselves—in other words an act of mistaken folly

CCLXXXIII

I saw a woman of seventy attended to the altar by a ruined spendthrift scarcely out of his teens—I saw what I never heard of before—Folly and Knavery in one

CCLXXXIV

I saw an old debauchee accompanied by his youthful bride—methought of the green meadows at the foot of the Alps—methought of the roses that grow on the banks of the frozen Dnieper

CCLXXXV

A private in the body-guard of Catharine is said to have made certain proposals to her Majesty, the nature of which could not be mistaken, nothing more was done on the part of her Majesty than graciously to de-

cline them—we saw a race between the daring
of man and the vanity of woman *

CCLXXXVI

Man is sometimes our enemy—God is
always our friend

CCLXXXVII

What ' though so many desire thee, and
thou mayst desire still more, art thou still
only the property of one? Woman ' thou
wert a martyred saint were it not for this—
though thou canst give happiness to *one* alone,
thou hast the power of rejecting thou-
sands who might have deprived thee of thine
own

CCLXXXVIII

Poetry is the language of love, the rhymes
of Tasso would have been lost to the world
had it not been for an attachment which he

* The same Catharine, whose desire of territorial ag-
grandizement was so great, that Sheridan compared her
to the Colossus of Rhodes with one foot on the North
Pole and the other on the South

could but ill controul, and Laura lived that Petrarch might never die

CCLXXXIX

Whether yes more frequently means no, or no more frequently means yes, one thing is certain, that neither one nor the other have any longer the same meaning which they had when language was used to express our thoughts, and not, as now, to find out the thoughts of others

CCXC

Much as there is of enthusiasm appertaining to the fine arts, there are, nevertheless, some paintings as well as specimens of sculpture which detain us, like Circe, in spite of ourselves, and as we gaze on the softened lineaments of the breathing marble, we partake of its repose, and appear to be gifted with its own inspiration

CCXCI

What a noble sacrifice (and humane withal) to the fallibility of man, is that principle of our criminal code, of giving to the prisoner

the benefit of a *doubt*! It is Mercy on her throne receiving the sword of Justice

CCXCII

A feeble and delicate exterior is not unfrequently united with great force of intellect, and it would appear as if, occasionally, the energies of the one increase in strength as the powers of the other decline — Would Moscow have illumined the sky with her thousand fires* had she been built of more durable materials?

CCXCIII

Let us begin the day by devoting it to the Priestess of Thought, and wind it up by pouring out libations to the Genius of Society

* It will be recollected that Moscow was fired by the Russians themselves A D 1812 The city being built principally of wood, the conflagration must have been one of the finest sights imaginable, not to mention one of the greatest acts of self devotion on record

CCXCIV

Eloquence is little else than poetry in the garb of prose, and poetry is little else than eloquence which we find more convenient to write than to speak

CCXCV

How noble, and just withal, and yet how hard is the struggle to go upon our knees though we are conscious of being wrong! We had rather affect to be wrong when we know ourselves right, than do homage to him who, apparently our enemy, may indeed have been our friend by teaching us a lesson of humility

CCXCVI

Pride, which, when properly understood, is so valuable to man, and places him at once at the head of created beings, is of all our children the least under our control, he is sometimes in our way, at other times when wanted he is missing, and so perverse is the little unchin, that he will sit any where at table rather than have Virtue by his side

CCXCVII

What is this outward covering of ours that is continually warring against the inward man and preventing the escape of something which brooks but ill a confinement not suited to its nature? Is it the piles that are driven down to prevent the inundation of the town? or an army of observation posted on the frontier, lest liberty should escape in the night?

CCXCVIII

There is nothing but virtue we can call our own, for there is nothing so entirely at our own disposal. Our estate may be washed away by the sea or (what is not less to be dreaded) eaten up by taxes, but the good we may have done when living will follow us to the grave, and throw a halo round our memory that shall endure to the end of time

CCXCIX

Nature has given us two eyes, one that we may foresee, the other that we may reflect, two ears to hear the advice of either

parent, and but one nose and mouth to show the difference between those organs which administer only to the appetite and those which were designed to be the means of purifying our heart and improving our understanding

CCC

In any matter of moment let us postpone our decision until the following day. In the entire abstraction of the midnight reverie, the mind is at leisure to concentrate its scattered powers, and if, after all, we err, it is the fallibility of human nature that is to blame, and not ourselves

CCCI

It is the hope that is foiled and the fear that is realized, that is the enemy of man. We do not want courage when opposed to those even stronger than ourselves, but are sent out of the world by a host of invisible evils. David was more than a match for Goliath, but "thou art the man" stuck daggers in his soul.

CCCII

It is not what we write that interests the reader. How can we write to suit tastes as multitudinous as they are different in kind? Authors, who are the most successful are those who, whilst they avoid giving offence to the herd, direct their shafts at that fort which, being but ill-defended, is the more easily besieged, and by applying a stimulus to those feelings of the heart which were dormant only for want of some exciting cause, giving, in short, not his own ideas, but imparting life and animation to ideas and ideal associations already existing in the mind of the reader, and which, though apparently extinct, revive again on the application of the magic touch.

CCCIII

The world is our brother, and though we owe duties to all, there are, notwithstanding, individuals to whom we are still more closely bound by the ties of inclination.

CCCIV

As discretion is said to be the better part of valour, so merit never appears to greater advantage than when accompanied by modesty, as the lamp throws around a mellowed and more agreeable tint, the rays of which are intercepted by a transparent shade.

* "The talents for which you are pleased to give me credit are the gift of another, and which it has ever been my study to employ in the cause of Him who gave them" — *Sheridan Knowles*

"I believe I may know as much as others of my profession, but how little do the ablest of us know — *Matthew Baillie*

'You come to me as if I could work miracles go home and forget not that thy child is mortal — *Ibid*

"And yet not I, but the grace of God that is in me to will and to do" — *St Paul*

"I may have made a few more discoveries than others, like a boy on the sea-shore who here and there picks up a pebble more valuable than the rest, whilst the broad ocean of truth still lies unexplored before me" — *Newton*

'If I have made greater progress than others, I owe it not so much to any superiority of intellect as to labour and patient thought — *Ibid*

CCCV

Do not imagine that he who has obtained wealth enough to live independently is on that account the happier; on the contrary, there is no greater object of pity, than he who has credit to an unlimited amount, on the firm of Time, Money, and Co

CCCVI

We pant for the time when we can retire from business 'Idiot' as if occupation were not the element in which alone we can live. The calm which succeeds the storm is often more fatal to us than the storm itself

CCCVII

We are not living in a world (to our shame be it spoken) where good intentions can stand alone, but, *cæteris paribus*, they give a prodigious ascendancy, and at all times will redeem in the eye of the world (which is never so lost as not to approve what it may not

"I must be mad before I could think of placing myself at the helm" of the state — *Duke of Wellington*

The above prophecy has been singularly contradicted by subsequent events

practise) the blunders of inexperience and the abortions of an unripened understanding

CCCVIII

Do I rival others in the practice of virtue?
Perhaps the best of us only know it by name
No! but I will exchange all that I possess
with him who will teach me to master a single
passion

CCCIX

As we silence a child by the beat of a
drum, so *John Bull* is never more happy
than when his own voice is lost in the cheers
of a tavern dinner

CCCX

"What all the world says must be true"
— we will take it on credit, but what all the
world *does* is right, is longer credit than we
can afford to give *

CCCXI

Were you ever so seated as to feel rivetted

* ——— Video meliora proboque
Detemora sequor

to the spot by some spell more powerful than yourself? It is the earnest of eternal rest *

CCCXII.

Influence is power, which may equally be engendered by an appeal to the head or the heart

CCCXIII

We are the slaves of some one though it be but a cat, whom we have not the resolution to chide though it may have robbed us of half our dinner

CCCXIV

I have done an immensity of wrong, I have committed innumerable errors, but as the crops on the plains of Crecy were more productive for the blood with which they were manured, so, in like manner, shall the wrongs that I have done, and the errors I have committed, be redeemed by the higher degree of

* Those of a contemplative turn of mind, and subject at intervals to mental abstractions will more fully appreciate the meaning of the author

wisdom I hope to obtain, and the greater measure of good I intend to perform *

CCCXV

There is nothing we are ashamed of in the presence of God, how is it, then, committing the same acts we dread the sight of man? Is it not that the one is more ready to forgive than the other?

CCCXVI

Pride is the weakness of the great—vanity is the greatness of littleness



CCCXVII

Vanity is the garb that hangs loosely about our shoulders, and, as it was created, so may it be modified by circumstance, but pride is

* As no one is supposed to do wrong intentionally, the author in speaking of the wrongs he has done alludes to such acts of omission which the best of us may commit by not availing ourselves to the full of such opportunities as may fall in our way of doing all the good we can, and it is in that sense alone that the author trusts his readers in their charity will understand him

the symbol of the *longing* of the mother,
that grows with our growth, and accompanies
us to the grave

CCCXVIII

Let us labour in the vineyard in the morn-
ing of our days, and so let us purchase our
redemption for the evening of life

CCCXIX

We gain as much in avoiding the failings
of others, as we do in imitating that in
which they excel *

* The Spartans are said to have made their slaves
drunk in order that their children, by seeing them in
that state, might be deterred from the vice of drunken-
ness

There are said, moreover, to be places of public en-
tertainment in Holland, which are little else than a
market for prostitution, but which are frequented by
respectable females of all classes, in order that those
under their care might witness the ignominy and degra-
dation of those who had swerved from the path of virtue
“ Gambado's horsemanship” may be quoted as another
instance in illustration of this doctrine

CCCXX

We attribute every thing to chance which we cannot ascribe to any known and ostensible cause—and yet chance, if such a thing there be, is nothing less than “the unknown God” of the heathen world

CCCXXI

It was the custom of Charles Fox, when he took up a book, to attack it in the centre, justly conceiving that the centre would enable him to judge whether the *wings* were worthy of his attention. Such an expedient of saving time he would have found still more necessary had he lived in the present age of authorship, when, instead of writing, as formerly, for a subsistence, many are giving away both their time and their labour

CCCXXII

The literature of the present day loses in solidity what it has gained in superficiality—it is the change of a *sovereign*

CCCXXIII

The literature of the present day as com-

pared with that of former times is like the leaves of the Sibyls—the value varying inversely as the quantity

CCCXXIV

Politeness is the shadow of civilization
Christianity is the substance

CCCXXV

The happiness of children is little else than the mechanical flow of their animal spirits, and in all probability inspires those around them with a greater degree of happiness than they enjoy themselves, whereas the happiness of our riper years, overshadowed as they may sometimes be with care, disappointment, and anxiety, though not so ostensible, is more deeply felt—the one may be compared to the foaming stream that rushes by us in gurgling eddies betwixt opposing rocks, the other is the deep stillness of the lake, on whose bosom is reflected the smiling landscape of the adjacent hills

CCCXXVI

Fallibility is the mother of us all

CCCXXVII

Idleness wastes a fortune in half the time
that industry makes one

CCCXXVIII

No-where do we read the English language in a greater degree of purity, and nowhere is inculcated a higher tone of political morality (making allowance for the cobwebs of sophistry), than in the leading articles of the leading journals of the present day, nor on the whole is there a better arena for the exercise of our reasoning powers than the British senate

CCCXXIX

Lying is only another term for stealing
behind our back

CCCXXX

Lying is but a sorry expedient for attaining
our ends, for once detected we shall scarcely

attain our end a second time by the same means

CCCXXXI

It is novelty that all the world are in search of, whether it be to please our physical or intellectual appetite *

CCCXXXII

There is no work of a didactic and argumentative kind, the moral of which may not be comprised in as many words as there are pages in the work. † One good reason is better than fifty bad ones. If one argument will not convince, neither will a thousand †

* We had rather give a shilling to see a monkey than give half the sum to relieve one of our own species which we see every day

† What limit is there, for instance, to the length of an extemporaneous sermon, though the whole duty of man is summed up in the words, "Do unto others as ye would they should do unto you." We are no longer living in those days when wisdom was to be found nowhere but in a wig. Who, for instance, in these times

CCCXXXIII

I opened a volume of Shakespeare,* and saw nothing but elaborate annotations—me thought of my *cab* that¹ cost me in repairs three times the amount of the original price

CCCXXXIV

With man love is an impulse, with woman an effect

CCCXXXV

Man takes the love of a woman on credit woman must be loved before she can love—it is the incense of her gratitude to him who has created her anew

reads the *Ramblen* but with a view of putting himself to sleep?

* Vide Malone's Edition of Shakespeare, more especially Hamlet "How delightful it would be," said the late Bishop of Bristol to a friend who was expatiating on the beauty of the notes, "if we could have all notes and no text!"

CCCXXXVI

Matrimony is like a mousetrap

—“ Facilis descensus Averni,
Sed revocare gradum

CCCXXXVII

‘ Courage is the darned stocking of which we feel not ashamed in our morning *dishd-bille*, but we hide it with a boot when we go into public

CCCXXXVIII

Courage is the glove we take off when we come in, but would rather die than appear without it in the streets

CCCXXXIX

“ Every woman is at heart a rake,” says Pope, his wife might have replied with equal truth, “ and every man is at heart a coward ”†

* The author alludes to those wire traps, the entrance to which is in the form of an extinguisher

† Napoleon has been charged on more occasions than one in having betrayed a degree of pusillanimity unworthy of a soldier, but this charge has as often been

CCOXL

Courage is the razor—fear is the beard which obeys the razor for a time, but is no sooner shaved than comes again

CCCXLI

Did I say a misfortune was not a misfortune? No! but I said, many a time have we deplored an event, which afterwards we discovered to be intended for our good—had we but patience enough to wait out the *denouement* of the great drama of life, be assured that the “cloud of dust”† we mis-

interpreted by his panegyrists by a reference to his conduct at Lodi, where, at the head of a chosen band, (who had been previously plied with brandy,) he stormed the bridge in the very teeth of the Austrian cannon but a single act of enthusiasm, where the importance of the end might justify extraordinary means, can scarcely be quoted as a fair sample of his courage

“A peerage or Westminster Abbey,” cried Nelson, as he leapt on board the *San Josef*, sword in hand. Scarcely can we charge Nelson with cowardice, but we have a right to ask whether, on the occasion in question, he was not intoxicated with the fumes of ambition

† Bluebeard

took for an enemy, will prove to be our greatest friend

CCCXLII

That class of society which is the poorest in pocket but richest in knowledge are those who are doomed to subsist on the wages of prostitution, they have the rarely to-be-attained advantage of associating on an equal footing with the highest as well as the lowest

CCCLXIII

That the world are censorious is true to a proverb, but they mean us no harm, the worst purveyors of scandal want nothing more than a sop to be thrown at their own pride. It is "the publican and the sinner" all the world over

CCCLXIV

There is a right and a wrong in every thing it is the comparative power of discernment that mainly distinguishes man from his fellow, it is the power of intuition that distinguishes man from his Creator

CCCXLV

Matrimony is a state which admits of no compromise between authority and obedience. Pompey and Cæsar could not rule under the same meridian, nor can man and wife

CCCXLVI

* Fashion is the master of the ceremonies who is appointed to introduce us to all our acquaintance, and as there is not much to choose between any two individuals, a more fit and proper functionary could not be appointed. The world will have nothing to say to virtue, who is always in the way, and who on her part would no less disdain to perform the office of door-keeper,

CCCXLVII*

* Some blush red, others white, but there is no one who does not carry about him some badge of the infirmity of his nature were it otherwise, indeed, we should be wanting in that which mainly distinguishes us from the brute creation

CCCXLVIII

Christianity is the *oxygen* of the moral world Too pure in itself for the depravity of man, but mixed with other elements it is more adapted to the every-day purposes of life

CCCXLIX

If we want to be alone, let us bury our selves alive in a large city, and we shall be as much lost to the world as one of those invisible animalculæ that float in yonder pool

CCCL

Religion is the politics of the state Politics is the religion of individuals

CCCLI

It is to be hoped that John Bull, when twined about in the political vortex of his own creation, may never live to regret that he left his cork jacket at home !

CCCLII

Noise¹ unremitted is unremitted stillness

CCCLIII

Man ^{is} composed of two things only—the love of money which he pursues, and the love of virtue which pursues him

CCCLIV

What¹ to be living in a world where repentance is of no use to us¹ Is virtue, then, so weak as to be maintained only by an act of the most atrocious injustice? Is she for ever to be reeling on a precipice that threatens her destruction?¹ Is the centinel for ever to be challenging¹ the watch word which excludes her from society? Let us wonder, then, no longer there is so little virtue in the world Could such a state of things be allowed for a moment were it not that there is a Power above that can separate the motive from the deed, justice from expediency, and moral virtue from the failings of humanity?

CCCLV

We have seen the cause of honour served by her who has been told, in the insulting language of this apostate world, that honour is no longer of any use to her. No longer of any use 'to her'—honour so pure, so unlooked for, so disinterested, is enough to make us blush for that honour, which the most honourable would part with to-morrow, were it not for the fear of incurring the penalty of dishonour

CCCLVI

In a struggle between virtue and her foes, unprincipled men may succeed for a while, but if virtue be only true to herself, sooner or later the world is sure to rise in its own defence

CCCLVII

Man no sooner enters the pale of society than he henceforth becomes the property of another let this consideration sink deep in our minds, keeping constantly before our eyes the weighty responsibility we thereby incur

CCCLVIII

If after having entered the pale of matrimony we find we have made a mistake—but let us be sure it is a mistake—let us lose no time in legally dissolving the marriage, if this be not possible, let us dissolve it *quoad* ourselves without the aid of the law separation under such circumstances is by far the less evil of the two *

* To no subject have I devoted a greater degree of attention than to this, and trust I am not arrogating too much to myself in saying, that I feel it a duty I owe to the public to convey through this channel such crude ideas on the subject as may have occurred to me after having allowed my mind to investigate and digest the subject Milton, more than an hundred years ago, groaning himself under the effect of an ill assorted match, wrote a volume to complain of the difficulty of obtaining a dissolution, by the then existing laws, of the matrimonial bond Without trespassing on the time of my readers by examining the subject more in detail, it is sufficient for my purpose to observe that it is a monstrous anomaly that there should be any description of contract (it matters not whether it be of a civil or religious nature, or partly one and partly the other) which is incapable of being dissolved by mutual consent, because, if the same power be not sufficient to set aside a covenant

CCCLIX

For God's sake let us keep up the peerage once sunk into "a nation of shop-

originally agreed upon between the respective parties, it may be a sacrament or obligation, but is no longer a contract. As soon as parties are found to be, after a sufficient trial or for any sufficient reasons, unsuited to each other, and the contract accordingly *morally* dissolved (and by *morally*, I hesitate not to say in the eye of God), every facility should be afforded to obtain a dissolution by law—due regard being had to the *interests* of the parties concerned and I have yet to learn why property should not be willed and settled with a view to such a contingency, and the guardianship of children, in the case supposed, be previously agreed upon. To the present absurd state of the law on the subject are to be attributed those broils, murders, and assassinations we so often hear of amongst the lower orders of society, not to mention the disgraceful practice founded on some obsolete law or custom, that obtained in a less enlightened age, of a man selling his wife by public auction and amongst the higher orders, though a separation may be more easily effected by amicable arrangement of the intervention of the law, imputation or suspicion notwithstanding must in the nature of things attach to the wife, even though herself be totally devoid of blame. Did not the crimes which stain the memory of Henry VIII. and the disgraceful and scandalous proceedings which were instituted during

keepers," good-bye honour,* good-bye virtue,
good-bye every noble and elevated feeling of

the reign of the late King of England, originate in the same cause ? It may be said that the cases here quoted are only exceptions to a general rule granted. But we ask in the name of reason, common sense, and humanity, whether, under a fostering, wise, and paternal government, the happiness of a single individual ought to be compromised, unless it can be proved that such a sacrifice is rendered expedient on the ground of promoting the welfare of the community at large ?

* Honour in the sense of integrity and fair dealing (and that is its best sense) is to be found to the full as much amongst the middle and lower classes in private life as those of a higher grade but we are speaking of the peers as a limb of the state and in their corporate capacity it must be admitted they have never been known to belie the expectations of the public, or act in a manner unsuited to the dignity of their station. Nor should it be overlooked that the House of Peers, though they seldom may be called upon to act in that capacity, constitutes the highest court of judicature in the kingdom. This is, indeed an important feature in the constitution of this country, and whilst we cannot be otherwise than impressed with the importance of the duties it involves, and consequently the weighty responsibility it entails on each individual member of the peerage, the House of Lords considered as a court of appeal has nevertheless always enjoyed the confidence of the public and that they have not proved themselves

our nature, good bye the best stimulus of

unworthy of the high trust reposed in them we will subjoin the testimony of one of the best writers on the English constitution

“ In the exercise of their judicial authority with regard to civil matters, the lords have manifested a spirit of equity nowise inferior to that which they have shown in their legislative capacity They have, in the discharge of that function (which of all others is so liable to create temptations), shown an incorruptness really superior to what any judicial assembly in any other nation can boast Nor do I think that I run any risk of being contradicted when I say that the conduct of the House of Lords in their judicial capacity has constantly been such as has kept them above the reach of even suspicion or slander ”*

Now we are on the subject of peers, there is a matter of no little moment that requires to be taken into serious consideration, and such revision and improvement adopted as the case may require I allude to the power possessed by the Crown to create any indefinite number of peers Why, the idea is appalling—perfectly absurd!—scarcely less absurd than if the Crown were invested with the power of *unmaking* as many as might be expedient to gratify its own will, or for the purpose of attaining any given end or design We are not prepared to say that such a prerogative on the part of the Crown has on any occasion been abused, but as

ambition's best disciples, good-bye every

the prerogative of bestowing titles is seated in the Crown for no other purpose than for the sake of rewarding personal merit, we are free to confess that any undue exercise of such a power for the purpose of serving the ends of a political faction or party would be monstrous and a fraudulent violation of the trust. Nor let it be forgotten that this prerogative as now enjoyed might be equally abused by any weak or wicked government in favour of the ruling powers, as it might be on other occasions in favour of popular interests. It is well known that the late king of France exceeded the bounds of moderation in the exercise of the same privilege, though in that instance, indeed, the peers being only created for life, the evil would necessarily have a tendency to remedy itself in the natural course of events. We do not mention this by way of insinuating that it accelerated his downfall, but history has shown that it at least was of no service to him in the hour of trial. It is said that on a recent occasion our present minister had the audacity to advise his Sovereign to smother the voice of the upper house, and thus extinguish one branch of the legislature (for the time being) by the creation of seventy peers. Now, if the King had consented to such an atrocious measure, (which he had the good sense and loyalty to the constitution not to do,) where in the name of Heaven could seventy men worthy of such a promotion be found who would consent to obtain a peerage at the expense of rendering themselves passive instruments in the hands of an arrogant and incapable minister?

thing but the cursed* god of this more cursed world

, CCCLX

What would become of us were it not for

And it was this man who but a short time before asserted that, happen what may, he was determined to stand or fall ' by his own order ' The non translation of bishops in my opinion would be an improvement and would at all events render the House more trustworthy in the eye of the public not to mention the additional advantage that would be attained in their not being removed from that district or diocese over which they have been appointed to preside in their ecclesiastical capacity Let the bishops vote as they may when disqualified from rising in their profession, we shall at all events have removed the temptation to vote from interested motives on any given occasion So far, however, am I from insinuating hereby that they are in the habit of abusing their trust, that they have on many occasions, be it said to their credit, displayed no ordinary degree of moral courage and independence in standing up in defence, as they were in duty bound, of those institutions which have ever commanded the respect and veneration of mankind, and with regard to the archbishops, they might be chosen, by seniority or elected from out of their own body, in the same manner as the pope is elected by the cardinals

* " *Auri sacra fames* '

pride and the tight-laced monkeys of his suite to keep the ground of this nether world ? Laws ! What have “ the quality ’ to do with laws ?—they are fond enough of making them for others , but when they jostle against them themselves, why, they have not even the good breeding to turn round and apologize !—so that I ask again what would become of us without pride ? Wherever his Satanic majesty is to be found, depend upon it *shame* is to be seen by his side brushing off the flies of ignominy from his royal brow

CCCLXI

The images of the mind fall one after the other in such quick succession—

‘ Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks
In Vallombrosa ’—

that we are reminded, in spite of ourselves, of the golden shower in which Jupiter descended to woo a nymph* of the nether world

* Danaë

CCCLXII

There is a courage arising from goodness, there is a courage arising from badness,* now the world are neither wholly good nor wholly bad what, then, shall we infer?—that the world are always cowards?—no Always courageous?—no—but cowards six days out of the seven, and if we are courageous on the seventh, it is that we rest from our fear

CCCLXIII

Public taste is little Emma on her mother's knee, obedient to whose squalls come the powdered lacqueys one after the other to administer to her morbid and capricious appetite

CCCLXIV

To live without society is impossible All the world are married to something or somebody—all united for life, and yet in one life we may be married twenty times over We may be physically married to one we may be spiritually married to another There are

* The courage, for instance, of a banditti, not to mention the effrontery of an abandoned woman

some who are married to the good things of this life, others again are the "brides of Christ"—in other words are wedded to their religion, and there are not a few who, for want of better company, disdain not to associate with a cat or a parrot. Yes, so true is it that we must live for something or for somebody, that the lover who retires from the world on the death of his mistress retires for no other reason than to give his whole and undivided attention to her who, though existing no longer, still continues to be the sole occupation of his thoughts

CCCLXV

It is refreshing to turn from the selfishness of man to the disinterested devotion of women, but women, it is said, when abandoned to themselves, preach a similar doctrine. What, then, are we to infer?—that both sexes are equally selfish, or the reverse?—Neither one nor the other, but that we are mutually essential to each other's happiness

"Et cantare pares, et respondere parati"

CCCLXVI

If a man be uncivil to you, be more than

usually kind to him , if angry with you, be as serene as the lake which sleeps at the foot of Skiddaw you might fight him, indeed, with his own weapons, and perhaps be victorious , but when he sees you without any weapon in your hand, he will pass on, feeling that he should gain no merit himself were he to obtain a victory

CCCLXVII

“ There is a tide, says Shakespeare, “ in the affairs of men, ’ so there is in the affairs of women , but what proves the good fortune of the former is too often the misfortune of the latter ”

CCCLXVIII

Woman never turns her eye to Heaven without invoking a blessing on some one in the form of man who is dear to her Man, who is indebted to woman for his existence and three fourths of his happiness, makes her pay in return the penalty of his own indiscretions

CCCLXIX

If you are possessed of power, forget not

that it is a trust, and not the less so though you may inherit it from your birth

CCCLXX

Paley, after all, is not far from the truth in asserting happiness to consist in occupation, next to the testimony of an approving conscience, it is at least more essential to our happiness than any thing else, at the same time it is not occupation in itself which constitutes, or at least contributes to our happiness in any other sense than as furnishing the means of stifling the voice of reflexion, for when the mind is not engaged, reflexions will inevitably arise both as to things which we may regret having done or not having done, and misfortunes, properly so called, over which we may have had no controul, for though it has already been observed that the tendency of the mind to dwell on circumstances of pain rather than pleasure is a proof that the latter predominates over the former, (inasmuch as evil being of rarer occurrence is more likely to make a greater impression,) still this consideration is but an indifferent set-off against those reflexions which are always unprofi-

table, and sometimes operate so injuriously on our health and peace of mind

CCCLXXI

When an individual more than usually distinguished appears amongst us, it indemnifies us for the imperfections of human nature, attaches us to life, and reconciles us, as it were, to ourselves

CCCLXXII

“ Why, what can you expect ?” observed *Zelica* “ Did not the world first turn its back upon me ?” “ You are mistaken,” I replied, “ the world is true to itself, not unjust towards others Can the sun shine on both hemispheres at once ?”

CCCLXXIII

Our mind may or may not be engaged with our own consent, but our affections are never engaged without it

CCCLXXIV

We are no sooner born than we enter into a compact with society to perform certain duties in consideration of an equivalent received,

and if we expect to be protected by the laws, we shall find it no less necessary to protect them in return. It is this reciprocity of service and obligation which, like the National Debt, keeps us all on our best behaviour

CCCLXXV

Experience is like the shadow of yonder spire—its dimensions increase as time advances

CCCLXXVI

A man puts down one day a polished slab and breaks his leg on it the next by treading on a cabbage-stalk. Is the origin of evil any longer a question?*

CCCLXXVII

A man breaks his leg by falling from a scaffold. The first that passes by is requested to throw him into the Thames as being burdensome to himself and useless to others, he pleads his inability to do so, as his home is at a distance over a trackless wild, and

* We are prepared to show, if necessary, that moral evil is equally *ex secundo* of our own creation

night is already approaching. The next that arrives equally excuses himself on the plea of not having yet provided the daily meal for himself and family. A third is "obliged to attend a sick friend. A fourth, who himself has had the misfortune to break one of his arms, being requested to perform the same office of humanity, accedes to the request on condition that the former would first restore to him the use of his arm. Is the origin of *surgery* any longer a question?

CCCLXXVIII

Eating to excess as well as sleeping to excess is a species of intoxication, and not less pernicious in its effects than excessive drinking.

CCCLXXIX

If the truth of Christianity cannot be disproved, are we not equally bound to conduct ourselves as if it were established beyond the possibility of a doubt?

CCCLXXX

It more frequently happens that we have

occasion to laugh than to cry, and to blame ourselves than to be angry with others

CCCLXXXI

I should be the last to decry the utility of a patrician order ~~in the state~~—in other words, the aristocracy properly so called. The representatives of the people must, in the nature of things, have their hands tied, and are supposed to be, if not actually, indemnified for their services,* but the peers sitting in their legislative capacity is the sun that shines upon us for nothing—the palm-tree under which we assemble with our camels to domicile for the night.

CCCLXXXII

The pride of aristocracy, it is said, prevails in a greater degree in England than in any

* Without calling in question the integrity and independence of the members of the Lower House, most of whom have too great a stake in the country to make them indifferent to the real welfare and interest of the country at large, still it cannot be denied they are bound by the terms of the covenant they virtually, if not formally, have made with their constituents until the expiration of that Parliament to which they have been returned by the elective body

other country this is true, but be it observed that this feeling is not confined to the aristocracy properly so called, but is characteristic of the nation at large, and pervades in a degree all classes from the highest to the lowest, from the peer to the untitled esquire, from the esquire to the gentleman, and from the gentleman to the gentleman's gentleman

CCCLXXXIII

The richest man is he who has the fewest wants

CCCLXXXIV

It is neither King, Lords, nor Commons that govern the country, but the force of circumstance. Public opinion is a circumstance, so is the insular position of England

CCCLXXXV

Pitt governed the country twenty years with his nod—yes, but if Pitt created circumstances, circumstances were equally favourable to him; nor would he have governed it for as many hours had it not been that

public opinion came to his aid to swell out
the sails of his vessel

CCCLXXXVI

“ England ' with all thy faults I love thee
still,' says the poet—so say I when seated by a
sea-coal fire, clean hearth, and shining grate

CCCLXXXVII

The physical powers of an individual are
often in the inverse ratio of his intellectual,
as if nature balanced the account by being
prodigal with one hand, in proportion as she
had been too sparing with the other

CCCLXXXVIII*

“ What a fool I have been,” we often
hear such a one exclaim, though he would
deny it with the same breath, if called so by
any one else Now, there is nothing to be
ashamed of in being a fool, which, perhaps,
we cannot help, and consequently there can
be no disgrace in being called so Besides,
must not all of us be foolish first before we
can be wise?—

‘ et sapienti i prima
Stultiti i caruisse ’

CCCLXXXIX

Public opinion is public opinion, and that is all that we can say of it. In a moral sense the majority may be wrong, in a conventional sense never

CCCXC

A good subject conforms to the laws, a great man equally respects them, but sets himself above them, when higher considerations interpose *

CCCXCI

Love in woman is an *effect*, and consequently is more durable than that of a man, which is an impulse

* The case of Nelson, who disobeyed the orders of his superior officer, at Copenhagen, subjecting himself thereby to be tried by a court martial, may be quoted in illustration of the above and well was it observed by him on that occasion that he should not consider himself worthy the name of an Englishman if he were not prepared to risk his own life in doing what he conceived to be a service to his country

CCCXCII

It we were unable to anticipate misfortunes, we should be equally disabled from anticipating pleasure, and so far man has no reason to complain—complain, I mean, as compared with inferior animals, although, indeed, it cannot be proved that they are not equally endued with the faculty of foresight and reflexion

CCCXCIII

Lying is an act of cowardice, if it be nothing worse—it is stealing behind our back

CCCXCIV

Private waste is public prosperity, which exemplifies the saying, “ it is an ill wind that blows good to no one ”

CCCXCV

Riches are not necessarily productive of happiness, nor poverty of unhappiness the means of obtaining the one and avoiding the other are distributed by a just and benevolent Providence to all alike

CCCXCVI

To be rich we have only to imagine ourselves so, in illness, to imagine ourselves better is half the cure, and with regard to happiness itself, the man who is the envy of the world may, by means of a discoloured imagination, believe himself to be the most miserable of his species

CCCXCVII

He who is placed in a situation to feel no temptation to violate those laws which are essential to social order, enjoys simultaneously the united advantages of civil and natural liberty. Such a consideration is flattering indeed to the pride of man, and we cannot do otherwise than admit he was a benefactor to his kind who first obtained a patent for society

CCCXCVIII

Are we fools enough to believe that we are governed by King, Lords, or Commons? No, let them remain where they are, because the semblance of authority is better

than none, but the Parliament of England with the King at its head is like Betty, the *slop-pail*, that with mock reverence and a half-assumed supremacy corrects his little highness when he is naughty, but public opinion, bestriding the earth with his seven leagued boots, is his highness himself, who, a few years over his head, sets at defiance, in his turn, the discipline of a petticoat government

CCCXCIX

A Grecian philosopher is said to have gone out in the day-time with a candle in his hand in search of an honest man. The world, no doubt, is degenerate enough, but all things considered, I am surprised in finding so much virtue as I do—I may still be deceived, but if I am, God grant that I may die under the delusion!

CCCC

“ Whatever virtue we may possess, said Napoleon, “ depend upon it that we have derived it from our mother. This is most

assuredly true, and there is no rule in life to
which there are fewer exceptions

CCCCI

Expediency is only another word for a
choice of evils

CCCCII

I have seen mountains hurled from their
base, valleys converted into plains, I have
seen seas dried up, continents created, I
have seen winds and waves set at defiance,
I have seen the elements trampled under
foot, I have seen the whole animal and veg-
table world made subservient to the will of
man, horses have I seen walking across the
sea,* I have dined under the Thames while
groups of pleasure have been dancing over
my head, I have seen a man breathe as freely
in water as in air,† at other times I have met
carriages on the road going as quickly with-
out horses as with What think you of

* The steam engine applied to navigation

† Diving bell

the sun shining at night ?* Would you believe that I have seen the antipodes conversing together, and heard people talking after they are dead ?† I have seen eyes created that can see an hundred times farther than our own,‡ and the universe spanned by a machine no bigger than my hand ,|| I have seen houses floating in the air,§ slept upon a bed of water¶,¶ and my room is furnished with chairs stuffed with air I have seen wonders without end, improbabilities without number, prodigies effected, difficulties courted, dangers disregarded, impossibilities attempted , —I have seen man vie with omnipotence itself Now, what is the cause of all this ?—whence is it that the enterprize and ingenuity of man have been thus put to the rack ?—what secret influential agent has given such a tremendous stimulus to the development of our intellectual powers ? Do we eat with better appetite ?—do we sleep more soundly ?—are we

* Gas

† Telescope

§ Balloons

† The art of printing

|| The quadrant

¶ Invented by Dr Arnott

happier ? Do we escape a greater share of misery ? Do we love more ?—hate less ? Are we more beautiful in form ?—larger in size ? Can we add another year to the term of our existence ? Can we make the day longer ?—the winter shorter ? Can we increase the number of our senses ? Can we add another eye to our head or tooth to our jaw ? Can we mould man to our will, or make human nature different from what it is ? No !—Well, how is it to be explained ? Why, it is competition engendered by society—the Tower of Babel, which is as far from being completed as ever, though its summit has been rising in height from the commencement of time

1

CCCCIII

Every thing in this life may be resolved into a question of pride. It is pride that dictates the carving of a statue and the erection of a monument. To love our country is to be proud of it. We wear a better coat or a better bonnet than our neighbour to gratify our pride. Cæsar, in the act of sinking under the blow of an assassin, studied the

graces in order that he might go out of the world in a manner becoming the dignity of an emperor Nelson, on the eve of his last engagement, apparelled himself with all his "blushing honours thick about him," and thus fell a victim to his imprudence, but pride was dearer to him than life Ambition is only pride in disguise Money-making may be traced to the same source Virtue itself is the same Pride, then—shall we say that thou art a disease that ought to be extirpated? God forbid!—Had we judgement enough to direct its course and apply it only on deserving occasions, it is health to the mind and the heart-blood of the social system, for we know from experience when our feelings are no longer capable of being wounded, and we cease to feel pain, mortification is not far off, and then comes death

^sCCCCIV

The world are afraid of looking behind them What cowards! Now, I can live upon gratitude as well as upon hope When the sun is sinking below the horizon in one

quarter, I can turn me and look upon the moon rising in another

CCCCV

To love and to hate are natural instincts, Christianity encourages the one and condemns the other. The man of the world subscribes to the same doctrine, but in practice he regards them as prejudices which are beneath his notice. He looks upon mankind as the painted image on a sign-post.

CCCCVI

We are kept alive by excitement, we should die without it, but the same dose, which is only an alternative to one patient's destruction to another.

CCCCVII

Conscience is designed as a warning for the future, and not as a punishment for the past, or, if you will, it warns us of what may be by punishing us for what has been, and thus it does apparently to serve others, but with the ultimate view of promoting our own happiness.

CCCCVIII

Fore-knowledge as compatible with the free agency of man, we must take for granted as a thing placed beyond the reach of our limited faculties, but the free agency of man may be reconciled with the doctrine of necessity by supposing it an *imperium in imperio*—a power of acting within certain bounds, but controlled and subject to other and higher laws. Let us suppose, for instance, an army consisting of so many regiments being ordered by the commander-in-chief to be at such a place at such a time, the army is bound to obey the instructions of the general, but it is left to the discretion of each particular regiment to march any given distance, or halt at any given place during the course of the period allowed for reaching their ultimate destination.

CCCCIX

Man in a state of nature is a bundle of passions, in his social capacity “a bundle of habits”

CCCCX

Sleep is a dram of the most powerful description, it occasions for the time a total suspension of our reasoning powers, but unlike to other drams, it invigorates without exhausting the system

CCCCXI

There are few pleasures to be compared to that of losing ourselves in the deep ravines of a sequestered glen, and to forget that we are living until we are surprised into existence by the shrill note of the bittern which crosses our path

“ Oh ! for a lodge in some vast wilderness—
Some boundless contiguity of shade,
Where rumours of oppression and deceit,
Of unsuccessful and successful war,
May never reach me more ’ * ”

CCCCXII

Women dispose of their favours on the principle of a Dutch auction—they are sure

* Copied from a window at an inn

to appraise them at more than their value,
but they will take what they can get

CCCCXIII

It is possible to love without reason, but
hate is in all cases the effect of a pre-
existing cause

CCCCXIV

v The same ³⁷observation may have been made
before, but it cannot be ⁴repeated too often—
As far as happiness depends on the appro-
bation of our own conscience, we are the
arbiters of our own fate It is too valuable
a treasure to be left to the will of another,
as others cannot give it, so others cannot
deprive us of it

CCCCXV

u The people of ⁴⁰England have got the estate
into their own hands, for better or for worse
God only knows, parliament itself being
nothing more than the ghost of departed
greatness The representatives, indeed, by
the laws of the land, must occasionally be
changed, were it only for form's sake, and
the House of Lords, poor souls! possessing

no actual power, still continues to be regarded with a sort of religious awe, and like the portrait of my grandmother, is preserved as an heir-loom in the family

CCCCXVI

Irregularities in private life are always to be deprecated, and to a certain extent are productive of mischief, but the sum total of public happiness is not thereby diminished any more than the order of the universe is disturbed by the evolutions of a comet

CCCCXVII

If religion be intended for the benefit of the receiver and not for the benefit of the donor, I will place no faith in any doctrine that is at variance with that comprehension which was bestowed upon me by the donor himself, and more especially if such a religion should have a tendency to malign the character of Him to whom I am indebted for all I enjoy, and who has rescued me from many of the evils to which I may have been led by my own imprudence

CCCCXVIII

Spain, in a sense, is quite as rich as England. What, then, gives England the ascendancy? It is owing mainly to the industry of its population, based on the protection of those laws which secures to every one the reward of his own labour. Work we must, but it rests with ourselves whether we work an hour more or less, and it is that circumstance alone which distinguishes the civilized being from the savage—the drone from the industrious man—and him that is rich from him that is only ostensibly so.

CCCCXIX

* Books are the mind incarnate—the immortality of the life that is

CCCCXX

Two thirds of the knowledge that is acquired by books we are obliged to learn in spite of ourselves at an age when the memory is most capable of retaining impressions received, but in after life we seldom take

up a book, be its nature political, moral, or religious, except with a view to confirm opinions already formed, and to gratify tastes already contracted. On the same principle we select our acquaintance, go to hear any particular opera, or enrol ourselves in a club, not as being necessarily the most desirable in the one case, or the most calculated to improve our taste in the other, but because certain associations attach us to one individual or community of individuals more than to another, or because such an opera affords an agreeable occupation to ideas already existing in our own mind. In a word, we can assign no better reason than that which is said to serve the purpose of the other sex on all occasions—"I like it because I like it."

CCCCXXI

It is a strange anomaly, but not less true, that the higher classes are more punctual in their attendance at places of public worship than the poor and uneducated, and the virtuous more than those who stand in greater need of religious instruction.

CCCCXXII

* It was well observed by the Prince of Canino, that "good and evil is so mixed up¹ in this life that nature gives nothing away, but supplies us with every thing provided we pay for it.

CCCCXXIII

I like to betake ~~me~~ into the deep recesses of a hollow glen, or roam unmolested o'er ocean's pathless wild. It is *there*, and *there* alone that we imagine ourselves Gods, we meet not ~~our~~ equal, we see no one superior to ourselves.

CCCCXXIV

Are you ashamed? Good it is the first step towards reform. But whence is it that we are so often ashamed of that before men, which we hesitate not to commit in the presence of God?

CCCCXXV

Pride is the source of all our actions, every thing we do and every thing we omit to do. The

labour we undergo in accumulating a fortune is prompted by pride if, on the other hand, we are prodigal and lavish in our disbursements, pride is equally the motive Virtue is only another word for pride Honour is pride, and religion itself, as far as regards a state of unalloyed happiness for 'ever and ever and ever, without any amen, in reference to any merits of our own, is pride *on ne peut plus*

CCCCXXVI

The circulation of our ideas is as necessary to the welfare of the intellectual man, as the circulation of the blood is to our physical moiety There is but little to be acquired (in point of knowledge) after a certain age, and it is equally true that nothing can be lost which has been already acquired, but still a certain degree of excitement, which produces a circulation of ideas actually existing, is essential to our intellectual welfare The mind which is not in a state of constant activity is apt to get moth-eaten, like a wedding garment which is used but for one

occasion, and as dingy as the spoons in a pawnbroker's shop

CCCCXVII

If public and private duties interfere with each other, what is to be done? If the one be a trust, the other is a debt. Is the many to be sacrificed to the few, or the few to the many? It is not every one who possesses, like Brutus, so stern a sense of justice as to sacrifice his son on the altar of his country

CCCCXXVIII

What! virtue ashamed of herself! Lord help us! No wonder, then, vice, so far from being abashed, stalks abroad with unblushing front and commanding attitude—no wonder that she assumes the visor that innocence has laid aside, not as unbecoming to herself, but which her diffidence has led her to reject as making her appear too innocent in her own estimation

CCCCXXIX

Habit—the habit of education—the habit of the nursery—the habit of obedience—

sits like a torpedo on our mental faculties pity is it that by infusing life into the boy, we so often exterminate the young giant at its birth Oh ! that it were possible for us to be born, like the rose come-of age, or the moon in the plenitude of its glory, with mind already matured, and wisdom consummated supplying the place of progressive experience . Many a time have I heaved with convulsive throes in endeavouring to disengage the part divine from the shackles of that which is terrestrial, and as often as I have tried, so often have I been baffled in the attempt, so that, resigning myself to destinies which I would, but cannot controul, I wait with quiet resignation, not unaccompanied indeed with tears of regret—those misgivings of a fallen nature—that earnest as well of a better state of things—and certainly not without some tender recollections of those scenes of my earlier days, which have escaped from me like visions in the night, and are recalled only to my recollection like the echo of distant sounds, or the landscape of some favoured spot which the painter's art may have transferred to the

image of the mind,—I wait, I say, with quiet resignation for the arrival of that juncture which sooner or later must happen to us all, when Time shall approach to unlock our prison doors and the mind, disencumbered of its unworthy tenement, shall swell into a consciousness of its own importance, and returning to those regions which, like birds of passage, it left only for a time, shall be re-instated in all its native grandeur, and walk the universe in company with Eternity* itself

CCCCXXX

“ France* is more in want of me, said Napoleon, when an abdication was proposed, “ than I am of France ” Nothing more true—only do something to deserve well of your country, and you make every man you meet your friend

CCCCXXXI

Fire has been called, and very justly so, a useful slave but a bad master—the same may be said of the passions

* ‘ Il marche à côté des dieux —Chateaubriand

CCCCXXXII

Injuries to person and property, neglect of duties, and even breaches of trust and debts of honour, are frequently overlooked, and a well-timed forbearance will often conciliate an enemy, and produce compunction in the offender. But insults are of a different nature, by overlooking them we oblige no one, but invite a repetition of the offence.

CCCCXXXIII

There is no effect without a cause, though it by no means follows that so finite a being as man should be able in all cases to trace the connexion between one and the other, and it is these unexplained phenomena in nature which are the cause of superstition, not to say the handmaid of religion itself.*

CCCCXXXIV

It is not less absurd to quarrel with our

* Do we ever for instance hear a clap of thunder even though the connexion in this case between cause and effect is no longer a mystery, without being inspired with religious awe?

existence because we are exposed to misfortunes, than it would be to decline sleeping in a house because by possibility it might be destroyed by fire, or forego an airing in the park for no other reason than because the carriage we may be in is liable to be overturned.

CCCCXXXV.

There are no class of duties so little understood or so much neglected as those duties which we owe to ourselves. But why should I specify any duties as being exclusively due to ourselves? Is not the performance of our duties of any and every kind so many debts due to ourselves? Should we not be wanting to ourselves not to perform them?

CCCCXXXVI

“*Errare mallet cum Platone quam cum alius recte sentire*” A magnificent saying, but the moral is dangerous—it is a sacrifice of thing to person—a surrender of our reason to an impulse of the heart—the criminal condemned to be destroyed in the wine of his own choice*—the Pompadour of other

The Duke of Clarence, brother of Edward IV

times, and the creed of every prostitute in the street

CCCCXXXVII

Think you that I, following in the wake of those self constituted purveyors of human happiness, inculcate the principle of contentment ? No ! If I were to take upon me to inculcate rules of conduct, they shall be such at least as are capable of a practical solution, even if they be not sound in principle, we are ready then to enter the lists with those who advocate contentment as accessory to our well-being, and the main prop of human felicity I am contented, says the man after a hearty meal Hold ! cries the other over his cups when the room begins to turn round him But how long does one or the other remain of the same mind ? To-morrow no sooner arrives than the former, at the solicitation of hunger, expresses a dissatisfaction with his present condition, and the latter desires another draught of his favourite though inebriating potation Contentment, then, is a word—a sound, to be content a thing of

impossibility Let us not tamper with the credulity of the world by preaching a doctrine which we can imagine to be true, but which is incompatible with the present state of things, such a form of belief might be suited, indeed, to the exile who is banished for life, or the shipwrecked mariner whose lot has been cast on a desert island, but it has no actual existence in this our social world Am I sufficiently rich? No Am I sufficiently happy? No Have I attained all the knowledge that can be acquired? No Could not my health be still further improved? Yes Is there no rank superior to my own? Yes Am I sufficiently virtuous? Certainly not I might, indeed, have been still more deficient in some or all of these points, but circumscribe not my horizon—discourage me not in my honest desires to improve still further my condition. Can we have too much wisdom, too much virtue, or too much happiness? Contentment, then, I expunge from my creed I am like the sea faring man who keeps his eye steadily fixed on yon polar star, but unlike to the sea-

faring man in this—though I keep my eye steadily fixed on yon polar star, I care not how soon or how late I may arrive at the appointed haven of my desires

CCCCXXXVIII

In all mixed modes of government, such as the British constitution hitherto has been, there can be but two fundamental and leading principles which determine and characterise what is called party—viz encroachment on the part of the subject, or abuse of power on the part of him who holds it, both being evils which it is desirous to obviate. I do not mean to say that private views and interests, and other secondary purposes may not be equally served under the guise of resisting one of these evils, but I contend that no line of demarcation other than the principles I have named, can be drawn that shall sufficiently characterise what is called party, and form an eternal and impassable gulf between the political opinions of one portion of the legislature and those of the other

CCCCXXIX

Life is a moment stolen from eternity

CCCCXL

We were dead before we were alive—do we fear then to die again? do we fear to return home after a temporary leave of absence?

CCQCXLI

How many there are who mistake the love of life for a fear of death

CCCCXLII

Spirit of the departed! where art thou? Full well do I recollect that frank and open manliness of character, those generous feelings that had not yet been blighted by the poisonous atmosphere of a degenerate world, that proud and lofty bearing that reminded us of the time before the Fall, and a sense of honour more suited to the days of chivalry than the cold and calculating indifference so characteristic of the age we live in. I saw

the smile of compassion kindle around thee when some manly and honest scruples, some misgivings of a wounded conscience, escaped from thy lips, and which scruples (how hard to believe ! how disagreeable sometimes is truth !) were destined, no doubt, as thou continuedst thy worldly course, to be chased away from thy virgin mind like morning dreams, and vanish one by one like drops of vapour from polished steel. People blamed thee whilst they could not but admire a mind as yet so rife in virtue, and I saw them stare upon thee as they would look on a being dropped by mistake from another world. But what was it that occasionally clouded that brow that was yet too young to be familiar with the cares of the world ? What was it that sometimes occasioned thy thoughts to ramble in silence from the scene around thee ?—for we were long together. Perhaps I was mistaken—I could not but think that thou camest amongst us to divert some hidden grief, and relieve a heart overcharged perhaps with some painful and conning affliction. Think not that I am abusing your credulity by holding up to your view

~~One~~ creation of the fancy This is, no
~~invention~~ of mine—I could point him out
 now amongst a thousand in the crowd! Poor
 V * * * ! * Methinks I see him, when he
 thought himself unobserved, pacing it to and
 fro, absorbed in his own visionary contem-
 plations, and creating in his mind world
 after world, by the force of imagination alone
 I could have cured him—I had been longer
 in the world than himself, and I knew the
 cause of his disorder, but had I been with
 him to this time, I never would have told him
 —it might have been his error, it was not
 his crime—*he had more virtue than it is con-
 venient for us to possess* He was a tyro in
 the school of adversity, he had heard of ad-
 versity, but had hugged himself into a belief
 that others it might befall, but that he alone
 was to be an exception It was the first dis-
 appointment!—the mould, ~~as she~~ thought,
 that was broken never to be replaced!—What,
 in the eye of another, would have been viewed
 as a skirmish, he mistook for a general en-
 gagement, and every shot that whizzed by
 his ear brought tidings, as his imagination
 led him to believe, of the sealed doom of

some mighty empire Since the time, of which I am speaking, some fifteen or twenty suns have performed their annual course if he be living now, he may still be unhappy, but he sees with other eyes The hour of separation—the moment of departure at length arrived I shall never forget it He clung to the spot like Hector parting with his wife,* not that he cared to stay, but because he dreaded facing the world I was scarcely less unwilling to leave him, and stole from his presence as the fall of night assisted my escape May he never cross my path again † I say not, this from apathy of heart or worldly indifference I should like, but dread, to see him, the original could not be improved—just what he ought to be—the banner sent out to the fight embroidered by the hand of the Empress herself ‡ Of the freshness of the copy I retain a perfect and pleasing recollection To live in the world and mix with mankind,

* See Homer's *Iliad* book vi

† See despatches sent home to the Directory by General Buonaparte from Italy

it was impossible for him to remain as he was, he was too virtuous for this world, perhaps the world was not good enough for him one or the other must be changed I repeat it, I dread to see him, it is more than probable that it is himself that is changed, and changed, too, for the worse It would pain me to see again the youthful mind which, in better days, the morning dew had scarcely left, but now mayhap with moisture gone like a seared leaf of autumn

CCCCXLIII

Woman, harring the testimony of an approving conscience, knows no other religion than love, and has no other happiness but that which is derived from another She is in all cases, married or single, the planet which shines by a borrowed light To enforce obedience on her part is an idle waste of time, and betrays a sad deficiency in the knowledge of her nature, because whether or no she may have a will of her own, most certain it is there^r is nothing more likely to change, and to teach her what you may de-

sire, even though it be against herself, is the easiest of all tasks, for though she breathes with borrowed lips, and sees through the eyes of others she reasons only through her own affections

CCCCXLIV

We hear persons every day express their like or dislike of another without any hesitation, and yet it is forbidden to do so, openly at least, in the case of husband and wife. Is it in the married state alone that we are allowed to commit an act of hypocrisy with impunity?

CCCCXLV

There is no love, it is said, without jealousy, and yet there is a point in the progress of love at which we may arrive when we become deaf to the whispers of jealousy. When affections have taken firm root, it would appear that the fleeting pleasures of sense are comparatively disregarded, we build on a more solid foundation, we feel ourselves in possession of a heart that cannot be shaken, and having witnessed one or two acts of disinte-

rested devotion on the part of her we love, distrust henceforth is swallowed up in a more generous feeling Love becomes a passion of a more elevated order, and so far from being the effect of momentary impulse, it draws for its supplies on the perpetual virginity of the human mind *

CCCCXLVI

What extraordinary effects are occasionally produced by music ! I have seen tears flow in profusion , at other times I have seen the colour fly the cheek, and the blood as rapidly return there on the occasion of some dormant feeling being roused from its dark recess, and roused by what ?—by reverberation

* ‘ It is not while beauty and youth are thine own,
 And thy cheeks unprofaned by a tear,
 That the fervour and faith of a soul can be known,
 To which time will but make thee more dear
 Oh ! the heart that once truly loved never forgets,
 But as truly loves on to the close,
 As the sun flower that turns on her God when he
 sets
 The same look which she turned when he
 rose ’—*Irish Melodies*

or the action of the air, in other words, by certain sounds which separately make no impression, but owe^{*} their influence to that combination which is known by the name of music. It is medicine no less to the mind than to the body*. It animates the courage of the soldier, inspires devotion, speaks peace to the troubled mind, and quells or excites at its pleasure the turbulent passions of our nature. It is a dram to all intents and purposes—a dram, too, than which there are many more injurious, but few more powerful.

CCCCXLVII

I locked the door, lest some unwelcome intruder of the night should abash the delicate new-born idea that stood fluttering before the mirror of my mind, wondering at all around her, but startled at nothing so much as the phenomenon of her own existence, created apparently without cause, but not the less created though self-created and

*

* It is said to cure the bite of the tarantula.

visible to none but to herself and to me * I regarded her at first as an unsubstantial vision of the night, or some airy form that haunts the brain when sleep does but half its work, and so accustomed was I to such saintly visits at those hours, when all save me are fast locked in sleep, that I heeded not her presence, but left her to her gambols and to sport in the enjoyment of her new existence, but no sooner had I turned me again to woo the monkish book and midnight lamp, than I was roused from moody thought and lucubrations deep, by words strange to my ear indeed, but yet of human sound, which seemed to ask in supplicating tone, (but not unmixed with gentle chidings at form despised and charms so long neglected,) to adopt her as my own, threatening however—but such threats the occasion would forgive—unless I speedily attired her in the beautiful garb of an English Princess, to vanish for ever from my sight, and sink desponding into that abyss where memory

* See the eloquent description of the creation of man by Buffon.

might search for her in vain, leaving me, a parent now, but childless then, to weep out the remainder of my days in hopeless sorrow and irremediable regret

CCCCXLVIII

If women could only conceal their beauty from themselves, and men would leave others to judge of their merits, we should have pride without ostentation, admiration without envy, and sense without any admixture of folly

CCCCXLIX

Let us pray to the Gods above all things to make us look like a gentleman, if for no other reason than this, because, looking so, we shall always get credit for acting* as

* Lest it be supposed that we are here indicating a false morality or recommending deception, we take leave to observe that the appearance we allude to is itself an effect more than a pre-existing cause leading to other results. The inward conviction we feel of acting as becoming a gentleman, has a tendency to generate the appearance of one whereas on the other hand, as far as our experience enables us to judge, if a man be not in the habit of acting uprightly, he seldom

such Beauty fades, fashion changes, youth forsakes us, and health is fickle and capricious. It is better than majesty, majesty cannot be mistaken for any thing of higher degree—gentility may. Emperors can give a star, but they cannot bestow an appearance. The pirate may rob us of our all beside, but of this he cannot deprive us, it is our banker, in distress, our tailor in adversity, and our advocate at the shrine of love. Where we are not known, its advantages are immense, where we are, it is never in our way. It is the gifted creature that speaks all languages from its birth—the balance that remains in our hands after all other claims have been satisfied.

CCCCCL

We prefer an estate which has descended

falls to betray it in his appearance, in spite of the art of fashion and the adroit ornaments of dress. The appearance then, which above all things we desire at the hands of the gods is the *ro ἡμετερον* or "fitness of things" before the Christian era, the *curiosa felicitas* in the world of letters, and the *beau ideal* in the world of taste.

to us to that which has been purchased with the fruits of our own industry we are prouder of a title which we inherit from a long line of ancestry, than that which has been conferred upon us for any personal merit of our own. We boast of having a prettier face or better figure than *un monsieur* or *mademoiselle* the other, although the one may surpass us in knowledge, and the other in virtue. Do we respect them the less because the one is wiser than ourselves, and the other more virtuous? No; but if we do not respect them the less, we do not envy them the more. Virtue and knowledge are such common and vulgar things as to be within the reach of all alike. Well said, thou able reasoner, to which we have given the name of man! Louisa, who boasts of being an inch higher than her sister who is older than herself, can reason as well, so can the schoolboy, who makes a merit of mastering another in a higher class, though less powerful than himself. It has been observed elsewhere* that "man abhors his equal" to be

* See *Moments of Idleness* — Be it observed, how-

sure ' and that is one amongst other reasons why men prefer the society of females, who by the same authority have been pronounced to be ' in no sense our equals ' It is the love of distinction, it is the single prize of £20,000 for the sake of which there are a thousand competitors, but one only can obtain it, it is a triumph over the misfortune of others, more than the gratification we may feel in the consciousness, mistaken as it may be, of our own superiority In a word, it is pride, that renegade from a better world—that midwife-in-chief to the human race is at the bottom of it all The imp ' it is the wounds we so often receive in this our most vital part that is the death of so many, and shortens the lives of us all

CCCCLI

The public character of a man is the pro

ever, that though the favours of fortune may in some cases be equally distributed, actual equality between any two individuals is no less a solecism in an intellectual than in a physical sense

perty of his country, and ought to be dealt with as such *

CCCCLII

The constitution of society is such, nay, happily such, that it often happens in serving ourselves we are serving others at the same time, frequently without knowing it and sometimes without meaning it

CCCCLIII

It is not^y the origin of evil any more than the origin of good which is so difficult to be accounted for by the finite and limited faculties of man, and which has given rise to

* There is no law more unpopular or capable of misconstruction than the law of libel and ought not to be tolerated in any free country The best witnesses to a man's conduct and intentions, both in public and private life, are his own acts—the best judge his own conscience

In a late *ex-officio* prosecution of the *Free Sun*, the solicitor general was hissed in open court This single act speaks volumes either there is wanting a power in the state capable of crushing this indecent ebullition of public feeling in a place where the sovereign as the fountain of justice is supposed to preside, or else ere long the law as at present existing must be repealed

so many fanciful theories and conjectures , but it is the *mixture* of good and evil in the world that we cannot reconcile in a *manner* satisfactory to ourselves . If there were nothing but good, or nothing but evil in the world, then in the one case we should not know what good was, and in the other, we should not know what evil was, and there would be nothing problematical or apparently inconsistent in the moral government of the world

CCCCLIV

If we find one individual in the world worse off than ourselves, instead of repining at our misery, let us exclaim with the apostle, " But by the grace of God, I am what I am ' * "

CCCCLV

We are not disconcerted in not being able to raise more than a certain weight, reach beyond a certain limit, see and hear beyond a certain distance, eat and drink more than

a certain quantity, what reason, then, have we to complain, if we meet with any difficulties in the moral or physical world that are beyond our finite and limited comprehension?

CCCCLVI

Rank and fortune are not to be despised if we inherit them from our birth, but they ought to be doubly appreciated if they are conferred upon us as a reward of personal merit, and a remuneration for services performed by ourselves

CCCCLVII

When you sit down to dinner, you do not know but that it may be your last, when you take a journey from home, you are not certain of returning, when you go to sleep, you do not know that you will awake again—death is no more

CCCCLVIII

It is difficult—nay, next to impossible—to do away altogether with the prejudices of early education, (and in some respects it were

well it is so) We are scarcely strong enough to contend with impressions, erroneous or not as they may be, which have taken root in our mind at that period of our life when reason is weak, and imagination and credulity proportionably strong

CCCCLIX

The morality of an action depends on the motive that produces it, the criminality of an action depends on the consequences that are produced by it, so that one and the same act may be immoral without being criminal, or criminal without being immoral, or both criminal and immoral

CCCCLX

There is no better way of reconciling the free-agency of man with the doctrine of necessity than by supposing it an *imperium in imperio*—a certain faculty or power of acting circumscribed within certain limits, and overruled by laws over which we have no control. We are shoved along, as it were, by something we know nothing about, and our

destination and the length of our voyage is equally mysterious to us not that I insinuate it may not prove to us a happy and prosperous voyage, or that we are deprived of the privilege of enjoying a certain degree of liberty but it is the liberty of the canary in its cage—the liberty of the school-boy confined to his bounds

CCCCLXI

Vanity, and a desire of obtaining a name, are unworthy motives for publishing our opinions, and I doubt whether any one has ever written against the established faith of his country influenced by no other motive than a pure and disinterested desire of promoting the happiness of his fellow-creatures *

* ‘ I doubt,’ says Lord Chesterfield, ‘ whether it is allowable for any man to write against the worship and belief of his own country even if he were convinced in good faith that they were not free from errors, on account of the disturbance and disorder it would occasion, but I am very certain that no one is at liberty to attack the foundations of morality, and to break those ties which are so necessary, and already too weak to restrain mankind within the bound of duty

CCCCLXII

Arrogant and self-sufficient man^y powerful as thou may'st be in relation to other beings, dost thou presume to wrestle with the ordinances of thy Creator? Can we stop, aye but for a moment, this or any other of the celestial bodies in the course of their periodical revolutions? Can we make them go faster? Can we make them go slower? Can we add another star to the Heavens, or can we diminish the number of those already existing? Will the sea obey our command, or can we change the course of the winds? What is man, who, in the height of his ignorance and presumption, imagines that the universe was created for him and him alone? what is he, I say, but an itinerant occupier of one—and that not the most considerable—of the innumerable host of heavenly bodies, and of which he is himself only a component part

CCCCLXIII

Conscience is the best friend we have, with it we may bid defiance to man, without it all the friends in the world can be of no use to us

CCCCLXIV

If we wish to be ^{*}protected by the laws, we must support them in return, the laws of our country are like a jealous mistress, who will not allow herself to be neglected with impunity

CCCCLXV

It is as difficult for us to conceive space and time without end, as it must be for a being whose faculties are not limited like our own to conceive such a thing as time and space

CCCCLXVI

There are few greater pleasures in life, and nothing more beneficial to the health, than sleep, when it overtakes us, instead of going out of our way, as we too frequently do, in pursuit of it—when it waits upon us, in short, in the form of an unexpected and self-invited guest, without making any effort on our own part to solicit her favours Sleep, like all other wants that are incident to our nature, is not confined to time, place, or

circumstance It is confined to no climate or season summer and winter—by day as well as by night—at home or abroad—on land or at sea—it visits alike the poor and the rich, without regard to age, rank, or sex, recruiting the wearied traveller, restoring liberty to the captive, and speaking the language of peace and consolation to the troubled mind

CCCCLXVII

If we knew all we desire to know, ~~man~~ would be no longer man

CCCCLXVIII

If we are to be punished for our misdeeds hereafter, it stands to reason that conscience is meant as a warning for the future, and not a punishment for past offences—a warning to direct us in the performance of such acts towards our fellow-creatures as may contribute no less to their advantage than to our own happiness

CCCCLXIX

How often we censure the conduct of

others, when, under the same circumstances, we might not have acted half so well

CCCCCLXX

“ Do unto others as ye would be done by ’ claims our admiration and respect, not so much as having been the discovery of deep research, or the result of any profound combination of thought, as that it enjoins a rule of conduct directly opposed to the received notions and established opinions of the age and country in which it was promulgated. Not only did it lay the foundation of a system of morality *new* of its kind, but it was a doctrine in some respects directly the reverse of such principles and opinions as obtained in the then existing state of society.

CCCCCLXXI

Human happiness (always pre supposing the testimony of an approving conscience) consists in the due supply of all our intellectual no less than all our physical wants. If this should not constitute complete happiness, no happiness can at least be complete without it, though, indeed, to attain

perfect happiness in this world is scarcely compatible with the nature of things. It is ordained that we should travel through pleasure to pain, and through pain to pleasure, and happiness itself can only be appreciated by our feeling at intervals sensations of an opposite kind.

CCCCLXXII

No one has lived long in the world without discovering that the pleasures of sense alone are insufficient to occupy our time, and, consequently, to afford complete happiness. The reason is obvious, the gratification of our sensual appetites is in their very nature temporary, short-lived, and periodical, whereas our mental or intellectual demands are continued and unremitting, sleep itself forming no exception to the truth of this position, because it is to be observed that though sleep in one sense may be considered the gratification of a physical appetite, in another sense it may be considered, with equal propriety, an interval during which the mind is never more intensely occupied, so much so as to be totally insensible to the progress of time.

CCCCLXXIII

Gallantry is a voluntary tribute paid by the stronger to the weaker party

CCCCLXXIV

It is a source of much consolation that there is nothing in nature to lead us to suppose that we are subject to the power of an arbitrary and capricious ruler endued with human passions and infirmities. It is that constant and steady uniformity in the laws of nature, the same effects continually proceeding from the same causes, and the same causes continually producing the same effects, that inspires that sort of confidence amounting to a moral certainty, that if I sow I shall reap, and if I lie down to sleep, I shall awake—that sort of confidence, I say, which enables us to calculate on probable consequences, and so far to exercise a certain degree of control over future events

CCCCLXXV

Hope is the prince of sceptics

CCCCLXXVI

Change but the name of things, and what a revolution would be produced in those ideas and opinions we have been accustomed to associate with certain sounds

CCCCLXXVII

There is pleasure enough in this life to make us wish to live, and pain enough to reconcile us to death when we can live no longer

CCCCLXXVIII

Images have been cited which have escaped my recollection for a time, when again, mayhap, they have come in my way, and, like Narcissus, I have been tempted to embrace my own shadow

CCCCLXXIX

If you are inclined to marry, make your selection amongst those who are already in love, if for no other reason than the evidence thus afforded you that the object of your

choice is *capable* of attaching herself Finish as you may, you will not fail to begin by extolling your rival candidate, and in less than a month he (the rival candidate) will sink to the bottom of the well by means of the same chain which raises you to the top *

† A gentleman aspiring to the hand of a lady of no little pretension, was asked by the latter whether, young as he was, he had ever been in love before † The gentleman replied in the negative, conceiving thereby that he had an additional claim on the consideration of his *inamorata*, who, so far from being flattered by the avowal, observed that, in that case, she had no proof that her admirer was *capable* of forming an attachment In effect, the first love of man, no less than of woman, is seldom durable, and may be considered little more than the shadow of affections which we cast before us and the distinction between love at first sight and love of a more permanent nature has been well defined by one who spoke no less from personal experience than from a knowledge of human nature “ *Ce n'est pas le premier amour qui est ineffaçable, il vient du besoin d'aimer mais lorsqu', après avoir connu la vie, on rencontre l'esprit et l'âme que l'on avait vainement cherché l'imagination est subjuguée par la vérité* — *De Staël*

CCCCLXXX

How often we mistake that for an end which is only a means. It were difficult to say what in this life is deserving of being considered an end. The devotee after all has chosen the most consistent if not the wisest course.

CCCCLXXXI

Industry begets credit, and credit begets industry. It is these two principles acting and reacting on each other that are mainly the cause of a nation's welfare.

CCCCLXXXII

Credit, in a national point of view, as well as amongst individuals, is a second fortune—a corps of reserve—our wife's pin-money.

CCCCLXXXIII

There can be but little doubt that the brute-creation have some means of communicating with each other as intelligible to themselves as speech is to the human species.

CCCCLXXXIV

Love is a dream from which we never wish to awake

CCCCLXXXV

It is commonly observed there is nothing certain but death, but death is no otherwise certain than as it is inferred from analogy

CCCCLXXXVI

There is a power—invisible to human eye, but universally felt and acknowledged It is found where human footstep never tiod, and there ~~is~~ no place from whence the skill and ingenuity of man has hitherto been able to exclude it Bars of iron obey its bidding, and are rent ~~asun~~der without the application of external force, mountains melt away in its presence, and rocks of adamant fly before its face Not omnipresent indeed, but inhabiting by turn every clime—every known spot—nay, even those places which are invisible to human eye and inaccessible to the research of man All the elements are

equally adapted to its existence, fire even not excepted. Of inexhaustible fecundity, it is at once of either sex, and propagates contrary to any known law of nature. It gives birth to beings without the intervention of any ostensible cause, and by means of its influence myriads of worlds start into existence, and are no sooner created than they sometimes as quickly disappear. It is not confined to time or place, but summer and winter, day and night, in good health and in illness, whether fortune smile or frown upon us, it is ever by our side, and there is scarcely an hour even during the interval of sleep, which does not proclaim its ascendancy, and attest the reality of its existence. Siren-like, it occasionally deceives us. On the other hand, it cannot be denied that we are indebted to it for some of the most agreeable hours of our existence. A power, at once so formidable and mysterious, so useful a friend, and yet, at times, so treacherous an enemy, it is difficult to conceive, and still more difficult to describe. Invisible as it is to human eye, it is not the less

influential in the effects it produces, and though it be difficult to specify it by any particular name, it has, nevertheless, a real and actual existence, and has nothing in common with those ideal and fictitious beings which are nothing more than poets' dreams, or the visions of a prurient—imagination

CCCCLXXXVII

I smell a rose, and feel grateful, not for that which I have, but that which I have not—it is the well which, drink what we may, is never empty

CCCCLXXXVIII

Sleep, as affording relaxation to mind no less than to body, reminds us of the sabbath of the Jew, which no sooner ends than that of the Christian begins

CCCCLXXXIX

The winds and the waves are our best companions in time of trouble. There are few of us who have not, occasionally, felt a

desire to fly to the end of the world, and weep in silence over the bosom of the deep it is there, and there alone we unbosom ourselves at our ease, and walk the mind delivered of its charge o'er oceans right of way. There is a freedom about the sea—a feeling like the exultation of the ransomed captive—I know not what to call it—an impatience of restraint—the annihilation of time and space—an abhorrence of the thing called property, and yet a greedy desire of appropriating every thing to ourselves—a boundless something that is commensurate with our sorrow—a something of moaning that responds to our grief and while man is too far off to hear the voice of our complaint, and too unfeeling, even were he near, to lend a listening ear, we call upon the elements, in our distress, to witness the fall of the captured citadel, and gather up the fragments of a heart*

* “ Had we never loved so kindly,
 Had we never loved so blindly,
 Never met and never parted,
 We had ne’er been broken hearted —BURNS

ill suited to the warfare of disappointment,
or to measure its keen and brittle edge against
the coarser weapons of a cruel and unre-
lenting world

CCCCXC

Most certain it is that the love of fame is
implanted in our nature as a stimulus to our
actions, and it is equally certain that the
applause which mankind never fail to bestow
on well-deserved merit, is the equivalent we
enjoy for all we do and all we suffer on their
account

CCCCXCI

There is nothing unreasonable, nothing
derogatory to human nature, nothing in-
jurious to the interests of society, nothing
at variance with the faith we profess, in
supposing that we have all a destiny to
fulfil, connected, perhaps, not less with
others than ourselves We are all of us
wound up, as it were, from our birth, to go
down again, it is true, at periods of unequal
duration Why, then, may I not be al-

lowed to look forward to the time, when, having spun out my last silken cord—coloured with the rainbow's varied dye, and consecrated by the smile of flaunting nymphs and courtly dames with whose fair form it may chance to come in wanton and unholy contact—I shall ~~be~~ take me to some hollow nook, and taking a last long look at those blue waters whereon I have passed so many happy hours, (—hours which at that time I wished to be days, and days which I wished to be years—fanned too by breezes so gently kind, and so kindly gentle, that I well nigh beguiled myself into a belief that they were created for the occasion, and for me alone—but why me alone? Innocence in those days had not forsaken me, and health was ever by my side burnishing all around with a lustre peculiarly its own. Such were ~~the~~ companions of my youth—such were the breezes which chased me as I danced along o'er the gay waters of life, mocking with that thoughtless levity so characteristic of our earlier days, at haggard care with downcast look, and unschooled

as yet in troubles, read of, seen, and heard, but still to me unknown—) and there abide, waiting with chastened hopes and mind resigned, ~~the~~ unfolding of that mysterious *denouement* in the drama of our existence—feeling certain ~~that~~ I may be changed and modified, ~~but~~ cannot be annihilated, and feeling confident there is a *somewhere*—most certainly a *somewhere*—where happiness is to be enjoyed purged of the dross with which it is alloyed in this nether world—happiness of which the beautiful order and harmony I see above me is so endearing a type, and ~~the~~ existence of which is more than half confirmed by the very wish so generally, nay so naturally, felt by us all, of being removed hereafter to another and a better world

CCCCXCII

Death, come when thou mayest, thou art never unwelcome—thou art sometimes more welcome than life !

CCCCXCIII

Well do I remember the day when, left to my own meditations I was speculating (—I was alone, at peace with myself and all the world beside—abstracted for a time from the cares, the duties, the altercations and endless contentions, the privations, the disappointments, the fraud, the oppression, and ingratitude to which we are exposed in our intercourse with the world—my passions were all asleep, and the scene around, as I lay gazing under an autumnal sky on the beauties of nature, seemed to breathe nothing but harmony, tranquillity, and repose, and was calculated to inspire that feeling of pleasing melancholy which can only be enjoyed in retirement and solitude—on looking about me I saw the earth spontaneously producing her fruit in sufficient abundance to satisfy the wants of man—and here and there I saw living beings, of different species indeed from myself, but joint tenants with myself of this habitable world, and apparently endowed with the same wants, appetites, and desires—all of them had an air of

contentment and happiness, all of them apparently in the enjoyment of perfect health, and strangers to the very sense of pain, infirmity, and disease, acknowledging no power or authority superior to their own—their law was their will, and the indulgence of their own inclinations, whilst it afforded occupation, was the only rule of conduct to which they submitted—enjoying only the present moment, they seemed to have no recollection of the past, and to feel no apprehensions of the future, and I could not but envy them the pure and unsophisticated happiness they seemed to derive from no other source than a sense of existence alone—whether it were the lamb, the industrious bee, or the butterfly revelling in all the luxury of unbounded freedom, or whether we turn our eyes in another direction, and behold the peacock rivalling the rainbow in the variety of its colours, and mocking with its stately gait even the dignity of royalty itself, or whether we prefer to look on yon graceful swan with plumage dipped in snow, sailing down the stream as if conscious of the proud prerogative it enjoys

of being a tenant indifferently of either element and pursuing my meditations still further I could not help asking myself whether it were possible for the art and ingenuity of man to improve the fragrance of the violet, or outdo nature herself in making it more capable of administering to the gratification of our senses And thou, who art the fairest of the earth, Heaven's choicest gift, hour after hour have I stood gazing with holy rapture on thy lovely form, when, lost to all around thee, thou wert sleeping on thy bed of moss, warbling birds and bubbling streams inviting such sound and undisturbed slumbers which fly the couch of pampered luxury and corroding care—Yes, hour after hour have I stood gazing on that lovely form, while, obedient to the whispers of genial zephyrs, thy careless locks dressed by the hand of nature flowed in mazy tresses around thy marble limbs—limbs so fairly smooth, and so softly clear that methought I could perceive under some texture (called skin as I've heard say) finer than transparent gauze or even the spider's web, the purple tide of life revolving in giddy eddies,

and imparting as it rolled along life and health, and oh ! best word of all—serene unclouded hope Yes, fairest of Ishmael's children who walk Circassian grove—thou, who wert surely sent to redeem a sinning world of half its ill, tell me if thou ~~would~~ st gladly exchange thy balmy health, unsophisticated innocence, and liberty untrouled, for those advantages—advantages not to be despised and yet too dearly bought—which we are allowed only to enjoy by committing so many acts of disobedience against the primary laws of nature !)—Speculating, I say, on the comparative happiness of man in his social capacity and in a state of nature, I could not ~~but~~ ask myself how far the stock of human happiness ~~had~~ been increased by the institution of society, and whether civilization was attended with so many advantages as to have justified man in making the experiment, and in abandoning that less artificial state, which might not be so calculated to call forth his intellectual powers, or so favourable to the cultivation of the mind, but which is exempt from many evils and disadvantages, and evidently productive

of so much happiness to other animals unquestionably inferior to himself in the scale of created beings. Such were the meditations I was indulging in. Such were the doubts and misgivings I entertained on the expediency of man's becoming a party to that conventional contract we call society, and exchanging those privileges and prerogatives which are his natural birthright for the adventitious advantages of the social state, that I felt not a little disposed to cancel the engagements which I had virtually contracted with my fellow men, and had well nigh concluded on turning my back on the world, to pass the remainder of my days in voluntary obscurity, away from the busy haunts of man, when I was suddenly aroused from that state of listless abstraction in which I was lost by faint and distinct sounds. Methought, at first, it might be only a human voice—some peasant, perhaps, returning home from his daily occupation, or some village Daphne lamenting in mournful but simple strain the protracted absence of her faithless lover—No!—I listened again, and as the object from which

the sound proceeded appeared to approach nearer, I discovered it was no human voice nor indeed the voice of any other being which I had ever seen or ever heard of, for though I had often listened with delight to the notes of the nightingale, and had often assisted at their little concerts in the open air, which I never hear without considering them so many spontaneous offerings of joy and gratitude on the part of the feathered creation to the Great Author of their being, and which, though wild and discordant, never fail to convey an agreeable impression, to elevate our spirits, and inspire us with cheerfulness, yet in the sounds which now became more distinct the nearer they approached, or as the wind blowing from a different quarter conveyed them more speedily to my enchanted ear—in these sounds, I say, which excited in my breast more heavenly emotions than language can express, I could trace no resemblance to any thing I had previously heard, nor could I recognize in them (chaining me, as they did, to the earth by some mighty spell, and now for the first time unlocking to my en-

raptured senses new sources of intellectual enjoyment) any thing to which my ear had been previously accustomed I listened again, and the sounds became louder and more distinct, as if the object from which they proceeded were travelling towards me Judge, then, of my astonishment when a few moments after appeared in sight a countless host of individuals, and the sound which I had before imagined to have proceeded from one single object, I found was the combined effect of so many mechanical instruments, the combined effect of which, though differing one from the other in size, shape, and tone, appeared to produce but one single note My curiosity led me to handle the instruments I found them to be of curious and elaborate construction, and though all differing one from the other, they appeared notwithstanding to be built with reference to some fundamental principle and rule of art, and finding myself unequal to produce on any one of the instruments any thing like the effect which but a moment ago had so rivetted my attention and enchanted my imagination, I began to mistrust whether

I were not misled by the delusion of a dream, or whether my species were endued with powers of which I before had no conception, that enabled them to produce out of the simple reed and other raw materials such diversified sounds, and yet blending so harmoniously together in obedience to some unintelligible law—unintelligible to me at least—reflecting, I say, on this, I felt as if I could not do otherwise,—if such indeed be the effect of society and the fruits of civilization,—than acknowledge its claim to precedency, whilst I felt that I was bound to do justice to the wonderful capabilities, the art, the industry, the ingenuity of man, and which had remained dormant and unappreciated were it not for the institution of society. Bidding, therefore, adieu to those native woods where I had passed, perhaps wasted so many years in idle and unprofitable meditations on the comparative happiness of man viewed as a child of nature or the creature of society, and without blinding myself to the imperfections which, with all its advantages, must ever be inse-

parable from every human institution, I straightway abjured my pristine faith, and abandoning solitude to herself, I became henceforth one of the most active and zealous partizans of the new and better order of things, feeling convinced that in a state of civilization we gain on the whole more than we lose, and though our wants may be multiplied, that our comforts are increased in an equal ratio, not to mention the innumerable advantages which are derived from the power of combination, and that spirit of fair and honourable competition which is a necessary ingredient of the social state

CCCCXCIV

Dancing was never made for man, nor man for dancing, he should never consider himself otherwise than as subservient, on this occasion, to the functions of the female with whom he may be linked in the dance—like the pole by which we are enabled to keep our balance, or the barber's block on which the young tyro in shaving first begins to operate

C CCCXCV

Give me not women, give me not any indifferent woman—but give me *the* woman who makes all other women indifferent

CCCCXCVI

Life, whether a good or an evil, has at least been obtained without any cost to ourselves—we have given for it no valuable consideration, if happy therefore, we ought to feel grateful, nor ought we for the same reason to complain if we do not find ourselves so happy as we expected

CCCCXCVII

Kings, *quasi* kings, have no other means of adjusting their differences than by involving their subjects in cruel and expensive wars, hence the advantage of representative governments

CCCCXCVIII

I am not prepared to say that a belief in a plurality of gods, as has been the case with some nations in a less enlightened age, is

injurious to morals , the absurdity however, of such a faith is manifest, because if we assume the existence of more than one God, where are we to draw the line ?

CCCCXCIX

It is not death which is an evil in itself, but the expectation of it, or, rather, the unwillingness we feel to part with all that is dear to us In some cases death may be a real and positive blessing, and in no case can it be considered an evil unless we can prove that, had we been allowed to live longer, our future life would have been more productive of happiness than misery

D

A national church is essential, though we had only dead walls for our audience *

* There is no better argument in favour of an established church—and by an established church is meant a church endowed and supported by the state, and the rites of which are administered by men of gentlemanly feeling and liberal education—no better argument, I say, than the following without an establishment those who are already too indifferent to the interests of religion

DI

Can spirits be discerned by human eyes, or is the presence of the Deity less real because we see him not ? or is his bounty less to be appreciated, and his benefits less substantially enjoyed, because, like the founder of Christ's Hospital, we know him only by name ?

DII

There is a wide difference between the

would unquestionably become more so, and on the other hand, those whose feelings and imagination already outstrip the sober dictates of reason would unquestionably become fanatics, nor do I believe that any one, on reflection, can conscientiously recommend the doing away of the existing establishment, unless he were sure of substituting a better one in its place. If we were lost in a snow storm on Salisbury plain, should we not hail any track as better than none that afforded us a clue to some comfortable home stall for the night ? But in speaking of a church establishment our thoughts are inadvertently turned towards the brave and generous sons of unhappy Ireland, on which subject much might be said were it not that our feelings sometimes carry us beyond the bounds of discretion

nature of our physical and intellectual wants. The former are temporary, periodical, and are easily satisfied, the latter admit not of the shortest interval of repose. It is in the nature of the human mind, which never stands still, to be continually in search of wherewithal to subsist upon.

DIII

“The man of business,” says the proverb, “is tormented by one devil, the idle man is tormented by many.” On this principle every one must be tormented by one devil at least; now this can scarcely be the case, unless the business we are engaged in should be foreign to our taste and inclination, because those events and circumstances which are commonly considered cares and troubles, not unfrequently contribute to our happiness, or at all events we might be more unhappy without them.

DIV

Love is so far from being a disinterested feeling, that it is one of the most selfish passions of our nature. Believe it or not,

ye who are now labouring under so fascinating but fatal a delusion, but the time will probably arrive when reason will enable you to distinguish between the thing and the person—the passion itself and the individual who through the medium of a treacherous imagination may now be the object of it

DV

Right or wrong, innocent or guilty, it is not prudent to set appearances at defiance. Constituted as the world is, it is not only necessary to vindicate what is good by appearing to possess it, but sometimes to assume more than we really possess.

DVI

No—Earth was never made for me. I am quite sure I am living here by mistake. What is it to me that the blood of the Tudors flows in my veins? Tudor is more honoured in me as a descendant than I am in being allied to that illustrious house. Well do I remember, as a child, crying for days because I had the misfortune to tumble, and yet disdaining to be beholden to any

ther for raising me from the ground How characteristic of the man! One of the most favoured of Fortune's children, I have been spoiled by well-meant but ill-judged indulgence Incapable of wrong, but profitable to no one, happiness has forsaken me for years, and, wander where I may, I am hated by more than I am loved But there is something after all consolatory in pride—that stamp of divinity we carry about us in spite of a fallen nature Like the lightning of Heaven it may occasionally wander from its course, but like the lightning of Heaven it comes from another world It is the patent of our nobility engraven on the hidden soul Compared to me—

“ Si parva licet componere magnis—

—compared to me, Mirabeau is an abortion, and Burke a flash-in-the-pan I am the Macedonian chief, too big for the world I inhabit But why compare myself to Alexander? Alexander lived when the world was in its infancy Well then—if Alexander were great, I am greater, but Alexander was not only great, but “ the great ’ Oh! that I

had been born before the Stagyræ* en-
lightened the world, or that language had
never existed! What! me—me, who have
escaped so many perils and survived a thou-
sand dangers—me to be annihilated by a
single word—a *the*—a mere sound—a puff
that would scarcely blow out the candle I
am writing by! Oh! this is more than I can
bear. I will henceforth fly from my species.
I will live with another kind. I will go and
associate with the dead, and talk to things
that never breathed. I will make company
of a river and a mountain. I will liken my-
self henceforth, not to Alexander—let him
enjoy the monopoly of his greatness—I will
liken myself to that mystery of the desert
that loneliness has adopted for her own.
Yes, like the pyramids of Egypt that are
destined to outlive the wreck of time, I am
not without hopes of partaking of their im-
mortality, though like the same pyramids,
whose dimensions are better scanned at a
distance, I, too, may be seen too near to

* "I thank the Gods," said Philip of Macedon
'not so much for making me a father as for giving me
a son in an age when I could have Aristotle for my
preceptor

be seen to advantage It is the veil that interposes between me and the world, that throws into the shade those of my defects that are better concealed from public view This may be called conceit, egotism, folly Call it what you will, but let it meet with indulgence, be what it may Though it edify not, it has served at least, with other weeds that may grow by its side, to speak peace to a troubled soul, and relieve* a mind already bowed to the ground under the weight of accumulated sorrow Like a torn-off branch despoiled of all its honours, I am become the sport of every wind that blows Even the flowers that grow under my feet are strangers to those sensations of by-gone happiness that cloud my benighted mind, and the chirping of birds with whom once I could join in grateful omens to the Author of our being, seem now to salute my ear as if to remind me of that peace of mind I am no longer permitted to enjoy

* " Goethe has told us that when he had written *Werther*, he felt like a sinner relieved from the burden of his errors by a general confession and he became, as it were inspired with energy to enter on a new existence — *England and the English*

DVII.

We inveigh against death, and dread its approach as if it were an evil—a drawback on human happiness, whereas, if it were not possible for us to die, if there were no prospect of any change for the better, if there were no means of escaping from life, no sooner would sickness, pain, and poverty, assail us, than the eternal and painful round of life would itself be regarded as an evil, and death, so far from being an object of terror, would, in that case, be considered a welcome guest and invaluable blessing—we should complain, and with reason, of being prisoners in a country from whence there was no possibility of escape, and so far from considering the immortality of the life that is a desirable boon, we should be as desirous of shortening as we now are of prolonging our existence, and want or absence of death would be no less deplored than the shortness of life is now a prevailing source of regret

DVIII

Is it not delightful to think that what must

be the destiny of all should be the good fortune of so many, and how can it be said that nature has attached a hard condition to our existence, when she requires only at our hands not what she gave us, but what she only entrusted to our care ? Ungrateful and unreasonable man ! who art never satisfied with life and still more dissatisfied with death Do we set less store by the feast, the concert, or the ball, or feel less grateful to him who may have entertained us, because the hour may have arrived when expediency suggests the propriety of our returning home ?

DIX

How inconsiderate is man ! Does he not or will he not see the expediency, nay, the necessity of dying were it for no other reason than to make room for others who have as much right to live as himself ? Viewed in this light, so far from having any reason to complain of such a law, (which, sooner or later, we all must obey,) it affords no inconsiderable testimony to the wisdom, goodness, and impartiality of the Deity

DX

Death is a preliminary article in the treaty of our existence—the consideration we pay for the privilege of visiting this nether world

DXI

If death deprives us of much that is good, it at the same time redeems us from all that is not so

DXII

If death be an evil, it is only so to those that survive

DXIII

It were unreasonable to complain of death when we consider that, in the natural course of things, we do not leave the world, or rather, the world does not leave us until we have lost the capacity of enjoying it

DXIV

We derive consolation from cherishing the memory of those who once were dear

to us, like he who sought a cure for his sufferings in the shade of St. Peter *

†

DXV

England, as a separate and independent nation, cannot become extinct, as a *great* nation it may. Have we not already been overrun and conquered by Danes, Germans, French, and Romans? still England retains her own individuality, and continues to be a member of the great family of nations. England is not more happy, more virtuous, or more contented than other nations, but great she is and great she will be so long as her sons are wealthy, industrious, united, and subject to no laws but those to which they have been a consenting party through the medium of a representative government. England, notwithstanding, is an exception to the history of the world, if, sooner or later, as a *great* nation she does not cease to exist but why anticipate such a contingency? Has she any thing to fear from foreign powers? Does

* See New Testament Acts v. 15

she not retain the same insular position, which cannot change, change else what may? Does she not and must she not ever possess the same internal resources, the same harbours, climate, and soil? Bankruptcy and partial distress must more or less prevail, but how can it be otherwise in a great commercial country? Capital we possess unheard of before, capital, too, always reproducing itself, and industry, ingenuity, and enterprise have ever been leading features in the national character. What reason, then, I say to anticipate the decay of this mighty empire? Do I fear political convulsions, anarchy, and revolution? Such apprehensions never enter my head,—such visions disturb not my rest for a single moment, the very circumstance of its being the watch-word in vogue, the rallying-point of the weak or the wicked, the designing or the dupes of the same, is the best security against it. Yes if the great ones of the land, the powerful the rich, and the talented, actuated by motives good or bad, raise the storm and bend to their purpose the elements of discontent

and distress which we ever ready at hand, it were easy to have a revolution every day in the year, because those who have nothing to lose are sure to obtain something in the general confusion, but “*laissez nous faire*,” —“leave us alone,” as was the reply of the merchant on being asked by his sovereign what he could do for the benefit of trade. I have more faith in the slow hand of time than all the recipes propounded by the ingenuity of man, not that I condemn legislation or deny its expediency on certain occasions, a free and unreserved discussion of every subject of public interest in such an assembly as no other country than England can boast of, does a world of good, but above all things let us not stifle the voice of the press. Most certain it is that people will put up with a thousand abuses, provided no attempt be made to conceal them, (let it not be understood hereby that we are justifying abuses of any kind, for we allude only to the imperfections which are necessarily inherent in all human institutions,) the very exposure of any system or state of things which is not strictly tenable, or does not square with

our early and unsophisticated notions of right and wrong, often carries along with it its own and, what is more, its only punishment, the right of complaining being, in many instances, the only redress and satisfaction that is required on the part of a discriminating but not unmerciful public, but above all things,—it cannot be repeated too often,—let us not stifle the voice of the press * I would have her go about like the pale and sad Medea† preaching to the winds, and venting her lamentations in empty air Do we not bear our sufferings with a greater degree of fortitude when we know or imagine that we know the cause of our disorder, feeling in this case as if we had not only the remedy in our own hands, but as if we were thus enabled to prevent a return of the same disorder? If one thing more than another will prevent—not produce—revolution, with all its horrors, depend

* Let it not be forgotten that one of the three memorable ordinances which cost the late King of France his throne, was directed against the liberty of the press

† Vide Medea of Euripides

upon it it is the liberty of the press * Individuals may occasionally have reason to

* Since writing the above, the member for Dublin has moved "for leave to bring in a bill to alter and amend the law of libel, and establish the liberty of the press in this country and still more recently a committee has been appointed on the motion of the solicitor general, "to consider the present state of the law of libel, and report their opinions to the House Now, in my opinion, neither of "the honourable and learned members" has gone far enough in their projected amendments I would have the whole law of libel erased from the statute book as far as may relate to any thing that may be said written, and published, in reference to any one filling any public situation, and with reference to the manner in which he may discharge those duties which such a situation necessarily involves— all such duties, be it observed,* presupposing remuneration on the part of the public to the functionary so discharging them, whether he assume the capacity of judge, magistrate, minister, legislator, consul, ambassador, &c , and in addition to other servants of the public, I would enumerate the bishops or any other ecclesiastical functionary, because the emoluments which belong to the church, let them be held by what tenure they may, are enjoyed by the clergy in consideration of certain public duties they are bound to perform, and which the public have a right to expect at their hands As far

complains of its sting, but that is a feather in the scale when compared with the pro

then, I say, as regards the privilege of freely and unreservedly expressing our opinions on the acts of any public functionary I would have the law of libel wholly erased from the statute book, if for no other reason than because all public duties are in their nature optional, and may be abandoned as they may be undertaken, in the first instance, by a spontaneous act of the will, and this will appear still more reasonable when we take into consideration the small share of credit that is usually attached to newspaper reports and other anonymous publications whereas, on the other hand, those who move in the private walks of life, and are engaged in any business, calling, or profession on their own account, and whose views and prospects in life may be blighted by any malicious report, true or not, that may be derogatory to their character, are unquestionably entitled to the protection of the law. There is no greater fallacy on record than "the truth is not to be spoken at all times." With regard to political matters not only truth but falsehood, in my opinion, ought to be allowed to be spoken with impunity at all times. It is an anomaly that Parliament itself should be protected from prosecution on account of any thing that may be said within its walls, and yet those who have the power of returning the members, and whose agents or representatives they are, should not enjoy a like or equal privilege. The rule, therefore, we would prescribe, and which would do away with the indefinite

digious amount of good which society derives from this source alone. If the princi-

and uncertain character of the present law of libel and which, in our opinion, ought to be the basis of any law that may hereafter be enacted on the offence in question, is this—Any assertion, false or not, in derogation of any public character—and here we must observe that *ex officio* prosecutions, except in cases where any treasonable overt act can be proved against the subject, are, in these times, to say the least of them, unnecessary—any assertion, we say, false or not, in derogation of any public character, shall not be considered libel whereas, any assertion, true or not, in derogation of private character, shall be considered libel.

I am unwilling to conclude these remarks without making some extracts from the speech of the member for Dublin on the subject in question, and which are deserving of attention. “Now, I will say at once, there is one branch of the law of libel with which I do not mean to meddle—I allude to that branch of the law applicable to blasphemous libels on Christianity. The reason I propose to abstain from interfering in this respect is not because I have not formed strong opinions on the subject myself but because I do not wish to excite a strong difference of opinion in the House on the subject of the bill I propose. I think it will be very useful without touching that part of the bill, and that I shall do wisely in not exciting the opposition of those who think that it should remain as it is.

ples of free trade be sound in any case, they never can be applied with more advan-

I confess I think there ought to be no punishment for libels against Christianity—that is my private opinion, and that is the opinion I would act upon if I thought it prudent to bring in any proposition on the subject I expressly excluded but I think—in a country divided in opinion as this is—in which above all it is now perfectly legitimate to impugn some doctrines which, in my persuasion of Christianity are of the most vital importance—when I, who am a Catholic, see in this country the law allowing men to dispute the doctrine of the Trinity and the divinity of the Redeemer, I really think, if I had no other reason, I should be justified in saying there is nothing beyond this which should be considered worth quarrelling for, or which ought to be made a subject of penal restriction I repeat, however, that I do not touch this branch of the law at all, only protesting against its being supposed that I take this course because I think it does not require a remedy *

Now, though we agree with the member for Dublin that if it be perfectly legitimate to dispute the doctrine of the Trinity and the divinity of the Redeemer (and which assuredly may be done without impairing the integrity of Christianity or rendering it less efficient for all the purposes, uses, and designs of revelation because I will ask by what right or title are the writings of Moses acknowledged and recognized as an essential

trage than to the production and circulation of knowledge, not so much to teach people

part of our own creed, and by what claim does the decalogue hold so prominent a place in our liturgy?—why, I say, and by what title have these writings, which we borrow from the Jews, any precedence over the moral code of any other nation, the maxims, for instance, of Seneca and Confucius, unless it be that the former are, or assumed to be, of divine origin, and the latter are not so—nor do we reverence these writings the less because Moses was himself not more than human, nor, on the other hand, should we reverence or respect them the more even though Moses had assumed a share of the Godhead in his own person.) Agreeing, therefore, as we do, with the member for Dublin, that if this point be conceded to us, viz if the doctrine of the Trinity and the divinity of the Redeemer be a fair and legal ground of dispute, there can be no difference of opinion respecting other controversial points of doctrine of less moment, ~~or~~ rather, “there is nothing beyond this, in the words of the member for Dublin, “which should be considered worth quarrelling for, or which ought to be made the subject of penal restriction’—agreeing, I say, as we do, thus far with the member for Dublin, we, at the same time are not prepared to go along with him (as far as he has been pleased to favour us with his private opinion) in thinking that it is not expedient for Government to hold in its hands the means of visiting with its displeasure those offences

what is right or what is wrong, but to teach them to feel an interest in the welfare of

against religion which sap the foundation of morality uprooting those religious principles instilled into us from our cradle, so essential to the well being of the individual as well as to that of the community at large and which offences (call them blasphemy or by any other name) are so revolting to the good sense and good feeling of mankind at large however much they may differ one from the other in forms of worship or controversial points of doctrine In offences, however, of this kind we are far from recommending that the delinquent should in all cases be prosecuted, or if prosecuted, that penalties should be too rigidly enforced, because whether the authors of obscene and blasphemous publications be actuated by a love of notoriety, a wanton spirit of mischief, or whether (as has sometimes been pleaded) they may have had no other means of obtaining wherewithal to live—whatever I say, the motive that may have prompted an individual to the commission of such an offence, there can be no doubt that, as a general rule, it were the wiser and more politic course not to give these publications notoriety and importance by prosecuting the offending party, but rather to leave them unnoticed, and consign them to that silent contempt they so richly deserve which, without encroaching on the liberty of the subject, often proves to be the most effectual remedy against an evil which society may tolerate but still must condemn

their country and to show them that there is no design on the part of those who may be in power to suppress the truth, be it ever so bitter and disagreeable. Be assured, and let it go forth to the end of the world that the liberty of the press is more worth fighting for than the repeal or reduction of any one obnoxious tax, it is opium to the poor man and gives stability to his cottage while it endangers only the safety of those who misapply their power and abuse their trust, it brings the accuser and the accused face to face, showing no more favour to one party than the other, and away with any fear of the mass of the people being too enlightened. If we shut the sun out by closing the shutters, he will only peep the more through the chinks and crevices, where, in the overflowing goodness of our heart, he may still be allowed to dispense the blessings of light and heat. Once more, then, whatever we do, let us not stifle the voice of the press—it is the seton by means of which the body politic is cleansed of all its foul humours.

DXVI

Every thing in our social world is subject of barter —the whole system is founded on commercial principles even the society of our own species,—startled as we may be at the idea,—is not to be obtained for nothing

DXVII

A free press is the bulletin of the sick chamber when the state is ill,—her duly orison when she is well

DXVIII

There are few Christians who do not believe their faith in the Redeemer by testifying an unwillingness, as death approaches, of exchanging this life for another

DXIX

Q What do you mean by the universe?

A A combination of worlds without end

Q What do you mean by a world?

A Men and women

Q What do you mean by a nation or part of a nation?

A Men and women who speak language unknown to other parts of the same world

Q England, for instance—what do you mean by England?

A You or I, as the case may be—an envoy at a foreign court

Q You mistake the person for the thing. Think again. What do you mean by England?

A Marl, lime, and coal

Q Now with regard to those laws which profess to protect our life, liberty, and property, (though they sometimes deprive us of all three,) how many are there?

A I—(*thinking deeply, the chin resting on the forefinger and thumb*)—I—I—don't know

Q What! not know the laws of your own country—you, whom I should not be surprised to see one of these days *committing* in old woman for mistaking her way across your park

A It was never taught me at school, but I have heard other people say—

Q Never mind what other people say so multitudinous is not the laws of your

country, that is, *our* country, cannot you recite me one single act?

A No, not one

Q Fie! your time at school must have been sadly mispent Besides, do you not see the risk you incur of violating the laws of your country, that is, *our* country, even without knowing it

A Yes

Q Have you ever violated a law?

A Not to my knowledge

Q That is just what I observed well, if you have never violated them to your knowledge, have you ever violated them not knowing yourself to be guilty at the time?

A Every hour of the day

Q But if you are overtaken in guilt?

A I must suffer

Q Have you ever paid the penalty of the law?

A No

Q No! and yet, in all probability, you violate them every hour of the day How do you escape?

A It is difficult to say, unless it be that laws are necessary, but the execution of

them must necessarily depend on circumstances

Q Who makes the laws?

A Parliament

Q Who unmakes them?

A Parliament

Q True, but is there no other power in the constitution whose consent is essential to the validity of a law?

A I had forgotten the king

Q What is the use of a king?

A (*Hesitating*) The use of a king?

Q Yes, what is the use of a king?

A To be stared at when he goes down to the *House*

Q Is that all?

A To be stared at again when he comes back

Q You are trifling with the subject. A more useful public magistrate than the king does not exist, though it is understood that he never acts (and very properly so) but by the advice of his responsible ministers. But to proceed you say that the laws are made by Parliament, now what do you mean by Parliament?

A So many blacksmiths met together to forge new chains for the benefit of the nation

Q What do you mean by the *opposition*?

A A row of men sitting face to face to another row of men mutually opposed to each other

Q But you do not mean to assert that the one party is always wrong and the other always right?

A No, but it is assumed to be so as an article of faith

Q But since all the individuals met together in a certain room, meet there in pursuit of the same end, (viz to consult the welfare of the nation,) is there not an anomaly—an apparent anomaly at least—in these acts of mutual hostility?

A Yes

Q Can you illustrate these acts of mutual hostility between parties met together in pursuit of the same end?

A Churches in the country where it is the custom for the men to sit on one side of the aisle and women on the other

Q What do you mean by public opinion?

A The opinion of the public

Q True—but cannot you give a more precise definition of the term?

A A sort of price-current—any opinion in which the world are supposed to be generally agreed, whether it relate to the length of a woman's waist the shortness of a petticoat the shape of a tea cup, the frame of a looking-glass, or the fixings of a regiment

Q The instances you have mentioned undoubtedly depend on the voice of the majority for the time being, but cannot you enumerate other instances wherein mankind are supposed to be more generally agreed?

A Colchester oysters, the bravery of Nelson, the ices of Gunter, the cabbages of Brixton, and the horses of Arabia

Q It will be admitted, then, that in every well-regulated community every question that admits of a difference of opinion ought to be decided by public opinion—in other words, the voice of the majority?

A Yes

Q Are there no exceptions to this rule

A Trial by jury

Q What do you mean by a jury?

A Twelve men sworn &c

Q Why twelve?

A I don't know

Q More shame for you—At your age you ought to know every thing What are the functions of a jury?

A They must all agree in their verdict on pain of being deprived of the necessaries of life

Q Is not this unreasonable?

A Monstrous!

Q Can any better means be devised of compassing the ends of justice than by starving the jury to death in the event of any difference of opinion?

A (*Awaking from a dream in the act of delivering an answer*)

DXX.

If mankind are still subject to the displeasure of the Deity, whence is it that there is any pleasure or enjoyment at all to attach us to this life, and the loss of which makes us unwilling to die?

DXXI

Pride may persuade you never to solicit a favour, but good sense will recommend you never to refuse one which has been unsolicited

DXXII

It is a mistake for government to take an active part in promoting a national education. An established religion, as the organ and groundwork of education, is all that is necessary, (as far as the influence and co-operation of government is concerned,) to answer every purpose, moral and political*—

* “ Religion is in my eyes the best, perhaps the only basis of popular instruction. I know a little of Europe, and have never witnessed any good popular schools where religion was wanting. Elementary instruction flourishes in three countries in Holland, in Scotland and in Germany, and in these it is profoundly religious. I am told it is the same in America. The little instruction that is to be met with in Italy is derived from the priests. In France, with few exceptions, the best schools of the poor are those of the brethren of the Christian doctrine ’

Again—“ Thank God! you (M de Montalivet)

my coachman has often told me in coming home from a ball he could see better to drive without lamps

DXXIII

The dominion of man over the brute creation is an usurpation and not a right*—we have no more *right* to eat a turbot than a turbot has to eat us

DXXIV

It was observed (I believe) by David

are too enlightened and too much a statesman to think there can be any true popular instruction without morality, any popular morality without religion any religion without worship Christianity ought to be the basis of the instruction of the people We must not dread to profess loudly this opinion—it is equally politic and proper ' The above quotations were minuted down by the author as they fell in his way, and are extracted from the Report of M Victor Cousin on the State of Public Instruction in Prussia which has recently been translated by Sarah Austin

* It may be said that under the Christian dispensation animal food is not forbidden but this will not apply to those nations whose religion is not built on the Mosaic law

Hume, that a habit of looking on the bright side of things is equivalent to £10 000 per annum

DXXV

It is better to think in poetry and write in prose than to think in prose and jingle in rhyme

DXXVI

Poetry, which possesses no other merit than the mere stringing^x of words, is like the primness of a dinner table, where every dish has its fellow, or like the guests at the same table, where men and women are placed in alternate succession, whereas a composition in prose abounding in poetical imagery is like the scattered oaks in a nobleman's park, or the primroses that grow wild on the bank *

* What can be more truly sublime than the wild and gloomy spirit that accompanies the flights of the northern Pindar, darkening the atmosphere all around us if to render more brilliant those occasional flashings of genius which shine the more on account of the black clouds with which they are so happily contrasted, as

DXXVII

Wealth is the god of the English nation
—how debasing the pursuit, how unworthy

may be seen in a silken vest of motley dye, where the colours are so skilfully combined that we search in vain for the boundary line, or like notes of different sound but tied together in the bonds of harmony so that I can think of nothing whereunto to compare the genius of the great poet of the north unless it be to the subdued and purple light of a cathedral that stamps the place with its own divinity—so melancholy and yet so interesting so pathetic, and yet so pleasing so heart rending and yet a grief that we hug to our breast like a child of our own I could wish still to liken him to something we may have seen in nature—something that is familiar to us all What think you, for instance, of a funeral by torch light? *there* you have a perfect representation of Ossian Were you ever roused from your bed to witness the horrors of a shipwreck?—it was Ossian who called you up and again are we reminded of the sweeping grandeur of his majestic mind when we fire, in honour of the dead, over the grave of departed greatness!—But yonder comes Ossian himself tuning his own lyre

“The storm gathers in the western horizon, and spreads its black mantle before the moon It comes forward in the majesty of darkness moving upon the wings of the blast The lightning from the rifted cloud

of a civilized being how repugnant to the spirit of Christianity and the example of its Founder[†] and yet, were it not for the

flashes before it the thunder rolls among the mountains in the rear All nature is restless and uneasy

“ The ox lies wakeful on the mountain moss He hears the storm roaring through the branches of the trees—he starts and lies down again

“ The hench cock lifts his head at intervals, and returns it under his wing

“ The owl leaves its unfinished dirge and sits, ruffled in her feathers, in a cleft of the blasted oak

“ The famished fox shrinks from the storm, and seeks the shelter of his den

“ The cottager, alarmed, leaps from his pallet in the lowly hut He raises his decayed fire His wet dogs smoke around him He half opens his cabin door, and looks out but he instantly retreats from the terrors of the night

“ Now the whole storm descends The mountain torrents join their impetuous streams

“ The sea rover pauses on the beach With a face of wild despair he looks around him, he neither recollects rocks nor precipices still he urges his bewildered way he trembles at the frequent flash The thunder bursts over head The mountain billows roar aloud He attempts the rapid ford —Heard you that scream!—It was the shriek of death

“ How tumultuous is the foaming surge! The waves

futhful and punctilious devotion we pay to the idol of our own creation six days out of the seven we should have nothing to do, and when the sabbath arrived we might still go to church, but we should have less to pray for and less to feel thankful for, for there is nothing so capable of making our heart swell with gratitude to the Giver of all good as the fortunate speculation, either in the shape of a rich heiress, the winner of the *Derby* or a rise in the price of shares, and nothing we deprecate so much as bad seasons, scanty crops, losses in trade, and the like But what is wealth after all

resounding lash the rocks, while the shattered bark is dashed on the inhospitable shore

‘ What melancholy shade is that sitting on the lonely beach ! I just discern it faintly shadowed out by the pale beam of the moon, passing through a thin robed cloud It is a female form Her eyes are fixed on the waves ! Her dishevelled hair floats loose around her arm, which supports her pensive head Ah ! mournful maid ! dost thou still expect thy lover over the briny ocean Thou sawest his distant bark at the close of the day, dancing upon the feathery wave thy breast throbs with suspense, but thou knowest not that he lies a corpse upon the shore !

but a name? I have gone to the theatre with a £1000 note, and been refused admission for want of change, another person following me has gone in free of expense on the plea of having "an order." I have lived upon credit alone at the rate of several thousands a-year, though at other times I have been obliged to pawn my wife's jewels at an extravagant rate of interest. I am rector of a parish, and ostensibly am living on tithes, though the land in the same parish, not paying its own expenses, has long since been thrown out of cultivation. Two or three years since I gave £30,000 for the privilege of returning a member, and was told the next day I might as well have thrown the money in the Thames. What, then, is wealth after all but a name? Does it consist in a manufactory? but suppose we could find no market for our goods. In a landed estate? what, if we were obliged to cultivate it with our own hands? In Government securities? yes, provided the nation be not treacherous to herself. In the number of our slaves? what does Jamaica say? In the mines of Real del

Monte? ask Spain Wealth, then, is but
 a name Be we who we may, we can do
 no more than satisfy our individual wants,
 and, putting pride out of the question, how
 few in number are the necessary wants of
 life! In what then does true wealth con-
 sist, and where is it to be found? Must
 we go back three thousand years to learn
 wisdom from a Grecian sage? Diogenes,
 sitting in his tub and warming himself
 by the rays of the sun, was visited by
 Alexander the Great Alexander, who
 had kingdoms at his disposal, having
 asked him some questions relative to his
 habits and mode of life, finished by ask-
 ing him what he could do to serve him
 ‘ You Majesty cannot render me a
 greater service,” replied the philosopher,
 “ than by standing out of the way, because,
 standing where you do, you prevent the
 sun from shining upon me ”

DXXVIII

There is no disease of a more contagious
 nature than the love of money In nine

cases out of ten we go in pursuit of it because others do the same—in other words, for fashion's sake. If we are lavish in our disbursements for instance, we may still be as fond of money as the miser. It only proves that we have some other passion to gratify which supersedes, for the time being, that of money.

“ It is not that we loved Cæsar less, but our country more ’

DXXIX

Honesty ! honesty ! honesty ! Where is it to be found ?—in public life ? By a miracle it may. In private life ? More frequently perhaps, but as often as not where it would be unpardonable to be dishonest.

DXXX

There is no medium between a free press and no press—a press that is liable to state prosecutions is not free. Every prosecution by the government, let the result be what it may, is an acknowledgement of its weakness. Let a man be tied up to the first tree

that presents itself, if he be detected in the winton and wilful commission of an act that compromises the interests of society, but let us not quarrel with the hallucinations and vagaries that issue from the press. But the hallucinations and vagaries of the press, it may be said lead to the commission of acts on the part of the misguided multitude, so, it may be replied, does gin, especially on an empty stomach. A free press may occasionally be inconvenient to parties in power, whether their intentions be good or bad, but without such a check to control our actions the temptation to abuse our trust might sometimes be too much for us.

DXXXI

The daily press has become an aliment so necessary to our social existence, that were it stopped only for a single day, we should be looking about for some new comet in the heavens portending the destruction of the world.

DXXXII

Truth may be suppressed for a time and

made contraband by law, but it is sure, nevertheless, to find its way into the market, and like every thing else, the more difficult it is to obtain the more it will be in request. Where the public are debarred from the lawful enjoyment of any thing that may be essential to their well-being and the object of their reasonable desires, the producer and consumer are equally interested in evading the law,* as was the case until lately in England with regard to game. The swaggering squire was living in the nominal enjoyment of his barbarous monopoly whilst the wiser citizen was arming his marauders at night to supply his table with that which could be obtained by no other means.

* Before the sale of game was legalized, "hens" was the adopted name of hares, partridges were usually called "birds," and inn-keepers would supply your table with game of any kind, and even out of season, under some fictitious name. Is it possible that the great lawgivers of the nation could sit so long as they did and countenance such a mockery and trifling with the laws, when the same parties would probably feel not the slightest scruple in sending a poacher to the treadmill!

DXXXIII

What a fund of information as well as amusement would be lost to us were it not for the daily press—witness the following —

“ One day last week two itinerant travellers, accompanied by an enormous bear, were coming from Coventry, when bruth took it into his head to jump into a ditch. His keepers tried every effort to get him out, but in vain. A farmer’s servant coming up with two horses, he offered his assistance to displace the bear by yoking his horses to him, and he was soon displaced, but in an instant gave a hideous roar. Away went the horses, with the bear secured behind, at full speed, leaving all parties far behind. A traveller coming up, they asked if he had seen a pair of horses with a bear along with them. ‘ Yes,’ replied the man, ‘ I did see the horses, but no bear, it was the devil driving the horses at the rate of twenty miles an hour.’ ”*

DXXXIV

Religion to be efficient must be sincere,

* Times, April 2, 1834

and it cannot be sincere without being spontaneous

DXXXV

Society is so constituted, that what is one man's loss is another man's gain, so true is the proverb, that "it is an ill wind that blows good to no one"

DXXXVI

We are living in an age in which we are too apt to sacrifice expediency to first principles, and are prepared to quarrel with any government however good, and any statesman however able and honest, if the discordant elements of society do not fraternize, in all cases, with our abstract and aboriginal notions of right and wrong — Thoughtless and inconsiderate man, dost thou not know that society itself is only another word for a choice of evils?

¶

DXXXVII

The same attentions on the part of a lover that captivate the heart of a woman alienate that of a man

DXXXVIII

There is no greater mistake than reading for reading sake * In reading as well as in partaking of our daily food, we derive little benefit but for the appetite which enables us to digest that which may be suited to our taste and inclination, and called for by the urgency of the occasion

DXXXIX

It is the person that becomes the dress more than the dress the person As there are some persons who look well in any thing, so there are others who, dress as they may, never look to advantage

DXL

Do not tell me that society can hold long together by having^r all things in common, that is, by annihilating the distinctions of rank and fortune it is sufficient for me to be equal with others in the eye of the law, but still more satisfactory

* Elementary work of instruction excepted

to know that the Divine Author of our being is himself "no respecter of persons"

DXLI

It is not the use alone of fermented liquors that produces a state of intoxication. The constitution may be even more injured by eating and sleeping to excess than by drinking to excess

DXLII

In England we avoid a stranger for no other reason than because he is unknown to us, though in very many cases we have more reason to shun the society of those who are already known to us

DXLIII

I have seen a woman's locks ruffled by the wooing zephyrs—those same fair locks which slept before in such delicious repose on her brow so white and deadly pale, save where a thin blue vein here and there appeared, as if to make the whiteness whiter

still, I have seen the big waves of the sea being tossed about in such restless and uneasy attitude, like troubled spirits in the lower world,* and yet that same tumultuous element shall, in one short hour, become like a smooth plate of glass; and thus it is with me—broken dreams have occasionally disturbed my rest, and I have felt my breast agitated by some unmeaning troubles, when after a while some guardian angel from another world comes to my relief, to spread a holy calm over my excited feelings, teaches me the folly of repining at the littleness of this world's cares, and I feel all at once, though I know not how to explain it, as Sancho Panza felt when indulging in sleep,—“I only know,” said Sancho, “that while I am asleep I have neither fear nor hope, neither trouble nor glory, and blessings be on him who invented sleep, the mantle that covers all human thoughts”†

* Vide Milton

† The rest of the passage, if it be not familiar to the reader, is too happy to be omitted —“The food that appeases hunger the drink that quenches thirst the fire that warms cold the cold that moderates heat

DXLIV

It is a wise and just provision of nature, that those who are most alive to the influence of pain as affecting the mind, are also most alive, and precisely in the same ratio, to feelings of an opposite kind

DXLV

I want to bring virtue home to your very door, and make her the companion of your fireside I want to divest her of that austerity and moody character in which a mistaken sense of religion would fain disguise her I want you to consider her rather as the twin-sister and associate of religion than as the servile and obedient minister of her will I want you to look upon her, not as the church-going bonnet, that is kept only for Sunday use, but an homely and every-day garb I want to see you—nor

and, lastly, the general coin that purchases all things the balance and weight that makes the shepherd equal to the king, and the simple to the wise One only evil, as I have heard, sleep has in it, namely, that it resembles death, for between a man asleep and a man dead there is but little difference"—*Cervantes*

will I ever rest till I see you—love her for her own sake—till I see that you have sense enough to distinguish her own intrinsic merits, and taste enough to be captivated by her own native graces, unsullied purity, and unsophisticated loveliness

DXLVI

Political liberty sounds well, but it is a mere phantom as regards the great mass of the population in any state *

DXLVII

Whatever conventional distinctions may divide different portions of the civilized world,† whatever differences may exist in

* The liberty of the press always excepted, and by the liberty of the press I mean the most unbounded liberty in scrutinizing measures of government and the acts of public characters, who, in other words, may be considered the responsible servants of the public with such liberty as this, no nation can be enslaved without it no nation can be free

† An established religion, be its denomination what it may, ought, in the opinion of the author, to be considered the criterion of civilization The Jews, for instance, can scarcely be called savages, though their reli-

their laws, customs, and religion, one from the other, it is, notwithstanding, but one family as distinguished from the uncivilized world, which force of circumstances will assuredly civilize in its turn, and which is now only waiting the tide of improvement to dislodge her from those shoals of benighted ignorance on which she now lies stranded, useless to herself and a reproach to humanity

DXLVIII

What is to be done?—Would you like to see your son of two or three and-twenty an avaricious man? It is neither natural nor becoming. Would you have him go into the other extreme? Why, it is a sad alternative. The poorest race of people are surely the aristocracy, or, if you will, the "*fruges consumere nati*," who, when ruin stares them in the face, are disqualified by

gion may differ from our own, and shall we insult the polished and enlightened Athenians by calling them barbarians, because they erected an altar to the same God, though to them "unknown," whom we ourselves adore?

circumstances from earning an honest livelihood by the sweat of their brow. Those who carry about them the greatest appearance of wealth, are often living on nothing more than musty deeds and the bare reputation of their rent-rolls, whilst others, at an age when the world appears to them to be made of gold, are decoyed into the all-absorbing gulf of a reckless and improvident expenditure by the Circæan spell of credit.

DXLIX

Of all the weaknesses of our nature, pride, it must be admitted, is one of the least amiable, and yet it is possible to have too little as well as too much of it, and I doubt whether pride, properly so called, is any where to be found without possessing well founded pretensions, in some shape or other, in a greater or less degree to the countenance and consideration of the world. Even the pride of birth, unreasonable as it is, as being entirely beyond our own control, and depending on no merit of our own, is nevertheless, not without its use and advan-

tage to society at large, inasmuch as it often has the effect of producing a higher tone of morals in the party who can boast of high descent, but vanity, which is too apt to be confounded with pride, is of a different character. It is more to be overlooked in a woman than a man, though it is a weakness in either sex, and though it be, in some degree, the effect of youth and inexperience, it is generally accompanied by an inferior order of intellect, and is so far different from pride, that it displays itself as often in disguising real merit as it does in assuming merit to which it is not entitled.

DL

Let the rich man forego his dinner, though but for once in the course of the year—let him be exposed to the severity of an inclement winter, though but for a single night, without the means of obtaining the blessings of a fire to warm him or a blanket to cover him, he will survive his misfortune, no doubt, but the violence done to his inclinations by such unaccustomed privation

(for I am supposing him to be teased by an importunate appetite) will be so severe, that he will be taught by personal experience, than which there is not a more unerring guide, that there are others in the world of the same wants, feelings, and appetite as his own, whose only crime is their misfortune, and who, toil as they may, are often unable to procure wherewithal to support a miserable existence—He will be taught, I say, by personal experience to sympathise with those whose appearance and countenance too often betray unequivocal symptoms of want, penury, distress, and disease, notwithstanding cases may occasionally occur where our credulity may be imposed upon and our charity misplaced—he will be taught to feel that the most effectual way of testifying his gratitude for the ease and competence he may himself enjoy, is by relieving the wants of others, and personal experience will furnish him with a more powerful motive than any that could have been instilled into him at school, to commiserate the sufferings of others, in the same manner as the spendthrift is said

first to have learnt the value of money, and been saved from impending ruin by the difficulty he met with in borrowing even a single guinea

DLI

There is not a more gratifying sight than to see an assemblage of well-dressed persons in a theatre, or ball-room,—all certainly in the enjoyment of good health, otherwise they would not be there, and all avowedly met for the purpose of relaxation, and harmless if not rational amusement, but then, on the other hand, when I reflect that an hundred years hence the same voice will not be heard, the same tear will not be seen, the same heart will have ceased to beat, the same lovely form on which our furtive eyes will trespass spite ourselves, will be searched for in vain, the same smile—that godsend from another world—returned perhaps to a place more worthy of itself —when I consider all this, why, then life appears to be but a jest, a by-word, the mere reflection of a shadow, a word, a sound, a next to nothing, an exhalation we can turn to no account, a

thin vapour coquetting with the rays of the moon,—when, I say, I consider all this, and more especially when I consider the uncertainty of life, short as it is, though spun out to the longest period, I may not perhaps enjoy the surrounding scene the less but I feel a sudden paleness come over me betraying the emotion that is felt within

DLII

That certain acts of different grades and colours should be considered offences is a necessary condition of, and inseparable from a state of society, but violence is the main characteristic or essence of crime, as contradistinguished from that peace and social order which it is the object of every civilized state to promote, but even in cases of violence, the time will probably arrive when the purposes of society will be sufficiently answered by substituting secondary and perhaps more effectual punishments in those countries which may now have recourse to the expedient of taking away life affording at once a melancholy proof of the infirmity of our nature, and

the imperfection of all human institutions, spite even of the blessings of a Christian education

DLIII

It is by standing off the globe, as it were, in a balloon that we are enabled to take an accurate survey of the world. What is commonly understood by mixing with the world is not the most likely means of attaining general information. falsehoods you may not hear, but, depend upon it, you will seldom hear the truth. Mankind is sociate with each other from necessity more than from choice. The daily vocations of most of us necessarily bring us into collision with others, which collision eventually becomes an appetite, and essential to our happiness, if not to our existence. But who are those "others" with whom we are brought into collision? Why, the man who stands next to us in the crowd, whom we must see in spite of ourselves, but who prevents us seeing an inch beyond him, even though we stand on tip toe.

DLIV

The education of the nursery is the seed-time of the mind,—nay, rather, of the heart, if that be neglected, the superstructure is of little use. Without well-grounded principles we are like an astronomer without his mathematical instruments.

DLV

Of all compositions the most difficult to write is a *preface*, it must be egotistical, it may be trish. Cæsar* wrote none, was it because he was an emperor, or being an emperor was it more than he could accomplish, great as he was?

DLVI

There is nothing positive in excellence of any kind, we are great only in proportion as others are less so, wise in proportion to the folly of others, nor^d could we be either virtuous or vicious were there nobody in the world but ourselves.



DLVII

The true standard of wealth is the number of our wants

DLVIII

Our garden may be robbed by a hare, a rabbit, or a blackbird, and a mouse may occasionally intrude into our granary, but they are more reasonable than robbers of our own species, for when we are robbed by the former they never take more than they actually want at the time

DLIX

If the rich could change places with the poor and the poor with the rich but for a single day, the one, seeing that no station in life is exempt from its share of troubles, would learn *not* to envy, and the other would learn by experience to sympathize with those who are less favoured by fortune than themselves.

DLX •

Religious institutions are political institu-

tions, but they are not the less religious on that account *

DLXI

We sometimes feel tired of the day, and wish it to be over but we cannot entertain a more unreasonable wish, because, let it be what day it may, another day, and one equally long, is sure to follow

DLXII

There is no one in the king's dominions,

* I agree with the learned prelate (whose precise words I do not remember) that subscription to the Thirty nine Articles is to be considered more as a general indication of the creed in which an individual is bred and born, than as an admission of his implicit reliance in the truth of all the articles contained in that creed and cherishing, as I do, the utmost forbearance towards those who may be differently circumstanced from myself, I hesitate not to say that if I were asked why I am of the Church of England, I should reply and probably in common with all others of any different persuasion, ' I adhere to the creed in which I was bred and born, not because that creed is necessarily the *best*, but because no one can prove to me that any other creed is *better*

except the king himself, who does not go to market with his goods, we are all of us selling our wool or our wits to the highest bidder—the case virtually is the same, whether we sell in person or by commission

DLXIII

“ Tell him,” said Napoleon,* on the eve of the disastrous retreat, “ I will surrender every thing but my honour ” These words sound well, and were calculated to make no little impression on a youthful and high-minded monarch, but Alexander knew his man

DLXIV

If we could prolong a game of chess to the end of our life, we should arrive within a very few yards of the *ultima Thule* of human happiness, because, in that case, we should always have a rational object before us the same may be said, perhaps, of a game of cricket—in a degree, no doubt, but women do not play at that

* Vide Scott's Life of Napoleon

DLXV

It is a bad omen when the services of an individual are appreciated during his life, the grand-children of such a man will, in all probability, have no reason to be proud of their descent hundreds besides Galileo, as we are informed in history, have been exiled, imprisoned, and even put to death, for serving the cause of reason and of truth. If an individual should be induced, from motives of ambition, or any other motives, to endeavour to raise himself above the common level of mankind, and transmit a name to posterity, he ought to look over the heads of his contemporaries and extend his eye as far as he can over countless generations to come. Depend upon it there is no other fame to be acquired but posthumous fame if we happen to run counter to the existing mode of thinking.

DLXVI

He is the wisest man who stoops at the shrine of popular prejudice, and the greatest is he who despises it.

DLXVII

It is only when the storm of passion and prejudice has had time to subside that we are enabled to discover the precious gem that lies beneath the transparent liquid

DLXVIII

If we are engaged about any thing of importance, let us pay no regard to time, be it bed-time or dinner time, for, depend upon it, time will never return the compliment by prying any regard to us *

DLXIX

It is a received opinion that the human voice is the foundation of instrumental music, whether this be true or not, our ancestors undoubtedly thought they could improve upon it, otherwise why invent musical instruments?

*
DLXX

It is fortunate for the fine arts (and they

* To the end tide, says the proverb, wait for no one

are not without their influence on society) that there are many people in the world who have more money than wit, more money at least than they actually want

DLXXI

Moral stimulants are as essential to our existence as physical *Mathews at Home* is a stimulant, so is a shoulder of mutton. We cannot even inhale the air we breathe without inhaling, at the same time, a stimulant which supports and nourishes our existence. The life of man is usually computed by weeks, months, and years, but it is equally true that it consists of a series of stimulants from beginning to end. It is by stimulants that we are kept alive, and it is by them also deceitful creatures that the human frame is ultimately destroyed.

DLXXII

Public opinion, whether in great things or small things, is only another word for fashion, and fashion is only another word for public opinion, whether it concern the colour of a ribbon, the value of a picture,

the eminence of a physician, or the size of a button

DLXXIII

Fashion is fashion, and that is all we can say of it, whence it comes, whither it goes why it goes, why it comes why it does not stay longer, why we like a thing one day which we dislike the next, and perhaps like again a few years hence, are questions which cannot be answered

DLXXIV

The worst of it is that our happiness in this life consists in always fancying we can be happier than we are, and the best of it is that no one can make us unhappy but ourselves

DLXXV

As in a private family things cannot be well conducted but in the hands of one, nor an army commanded by more than one general, so it will be found that a nation is invariably governed, for the time being, by one individual, let the form or denomination

of government be what it may When this is considered how absurd does it appear to be duped and led away, as we sometimes are, by the colour of a riband or the idle distinctions of *party* At the most flourishing period of the Roman republic Cicero swayed the multitudes by the magic of his eloquence At Athens Pericles did the same With the exception of Franklin, America is as yet too young to afford many such instances In Holland, so renowned for the freedom of its institutions, De Witt was all in all And in England did not Pitt maintain his position at the helm for nearly twenty years, though occasionally he was left in a minority of the House ?

DLXXVI

As in former times patronage was required to aid the delivery of a forthcoming publication, so patronage is still required to perform the same useful and meritorious office, the only difference being that now-a-days it is the press which supplies the place of a high-sounding name, which used to redeem all that was worthless in the

composition, as well as magnify that which might have merit, but even the approving voice of the press, powerful as it is, can do but little in pushing an author into notice unless the composition itself be of such a nature as to harrow up the soul of the reader and disturb the action of his blood, tossing it about this way and that, like the waters of Naples on the eve of a volcanic eruption

DLXXVII

If a flag^{*} of truce be sent us from above to speak peace to a troubled conscience, shall we on that account disregard the award of man? By no means on the contrary, let us equally respect it, because human ordinances, when they are not contrary to the revealed word of God are agreeable to his intentions. If it be expedient to worship outward appearances, even though we may have secretly sinned, it is surely the worst sort of hypocrisy not to do so when we know ourselves to be innocent. Lucretia thought the same, who, notwithstanding her innocence, proved by an heroic but mistaken act that she was unable

to survive the odium of a suspicion, groundless as it was

DLXXVIII

Lend if you have the wherewithal to do so but be assured in nine cases out of ten you are committing an innocent fraud upon yourself

DLXXIX

Ideas generate ideas, like a potato, which cut in pieces, reproduces itself in a multiplied form

DLXXX

There is nothing more calculated to promote a cheerful and contented mind than the consideration that at the very moment we may be bewailing our own lot, we are in all probability as happy, perhaps happier than we may be hereafter, and actually enjoying as great a share of happiness as is allowed to others, take the world one with the other

DLXXXI

It is to the credit of the age and country we live in that the mere man of pleasure—the careless and thoughtless dabbler—is a character unknown amongst us, or if known we despise it in others and are ashamed of it in ourselves. It is true that if we be not called upon by choice, circumstance, or duty to contribute to the public weal, little else appears to be left to us than the gratification of our selfish passions. At the same time, it cannot be denied that the rising generation, as compared with those that are gone by, are distinguished by more staid habits, deeper research, and a more sober cast of mind, and the boy, who a century ago had not an idea beyond a top or a kite, may now a days be seen teaching his grandfather to read.

DLXXXII

The mutual intercourse of the sexes is essential to society. Be you of which sex you may, were you surrounded only by those of the other sex, you would soon be

ured of being worshipped as a god or goddess, as the case may be, and to set up an idol of your own would become in its turn a positive want of your nature

DLXXXIII

Whatever there may be of good in this life, we are in the habit (erroneously so) of considering it as a *right*, and therefore are not grateful for it. Whatever, on the other hand, there may be of evil, we do not indeed attribute it (a singular fact in the history of the human mind) to the cruelty and injustice of the Deity, but still we expect compensation for it in another world

DLXXXIV

Are you a misanthrope? Ungrateful wretch! when ninety-nine out of an hundred, made by the same being as yourself, are toiling from morning to night, and some of them half the night long, to supply your wants and contribute in a thousand ways to your comfort and convenience. Whether or not you may be labouring on your own part

for the benefit of the public, it makes no difference—the ninety and nine are not toiling the less for you on that account

DLXXXV

True religion is so apt to be misunderstood, that, instead of developing, as it ought, the charities of our nature, it has been known in some instances, to harden the heart and dry up the sources of human kindness *. In the obstinate furtherance of a principle, or under a misconception that God is to be served at the expense of his creatures, the mind is apt to be diverted from satisfying those claims and discharging those obligations which, as men and Christians, we owe one to the other

DLXXXVI

* He whose daily wants are satisfied may not be rich, but he cannot be poor

* The “*nihil humani a me alienum puto*” is not the less agreeable to the principles of Christianity though it was uttered by a heathen in an age comparatively unenlightened

DLXXXVII

The actual transition from life to death is too momentary to be felt by ourselves or observed by others of the act of dying we may not be sensible, but, even if we are, we have only to think of Socrates coolly reasoning with those about him on the immortality of the soul, though conscious of his approaching death, or, in later times, of Addison, who on his death-bed, sent for some reprobate who was related to him, to show him "how a Christian could die"

DLXXXVIII

Not a few are there who imagine themselves (with or without reason) objects of public indignation, and yet who have it in their power to win more than one world, if such were possible, at no other expense than that of a smile. Our hearts often vote for that which our understanding condemns. We have the authority of Pope who, in a moment of gallantry was betrayed into the following avowal—

"If to her share some female errors fall
Look in her face and you'll forget them all

DLXXXIX

Whence this love of money,* that eats up the English nation, above any other, to the very core? Is it hereditary? The influence of example certainly may do much, but I doubt whether any one were provident or money-making from the influence of example or precept alone. In most cases it originates in necessity, grows into a habit, becomes obstinate as a chronic disease, till at length it becomes more difficult for us to spend money than to gain it.

DXC

The love of money for its own sake is an all absorbing and contracting propensity, and yet we occasionally hear of splendid acts of generosity on the part of misers, but then it is generosity often of so injudicious and morbid a character that it is no-

* It would appear that this love of money is a feeling or passion (if such it may be called) totally distinct from the desire of a comfortable independence, since unexpected accession of wealth, no less than unexpected losses has been known to produce insanity, and in the latter case self destruction is no unusual occurrence.

thing more than the fitful glare that portends the last moments of the dying taper, or the atmosphere of the Pontine marshes, that lulls us, as we pass over them, into an agreeable but fatal sleep

DXCI

There is no class of persons so little to be envied as they who are placed by circumstances beyond the necessity of working, either by their hands or their head, for their livelihood. Such is human nature, that a mind actually unemployed is a solecism, and those who are not engaged in a lucrative and industrious calling are not the less engaged in passing their time in some other manner, but the great advantage which a man of business has over the idle man, is this,—in the former case our customers wait upon us, if we think proper to receive them, whereas, in the latter case, we are always hunting in pursuit of that which after all, we are not always able to find, like the horse, which when kept constantly at work is clothed, fed, and dressed by the groom, but give the same horse his liberty by turning him out in your pad-

dock, and instead of being waited on by the groom, he is obliged to shift for himself and fare as he can

DXCII

A life of ease and independence is often a life of inconvenience and pleasure itself is only a relative term, in its very nature it is transient, and leaves nothing behind it that affords any real satisfaction to the retrospective powers of the mind, nor can we imagine a greater object of pity than that eastern monarch, who, it is said, being wearied of his existence, offered to give half his dominions to any one who might be ingenious enough to invent a new pleasure

DXCIII

The world is so constituted, that our best friends are often our worst enemies and our worst enemies our best friends, in either case, without intending to be so. Are not the prospects, for instance, of many a child ruined by a parent more indulgent than wise? Would the Chelsea

pensioner be sitting at his ease and smoking his pipe but for Napoleon?

DXCIV

There are few passages in the *litteræ humaniores* that convey a more pleasing impression to the mind than the wish, as expressed by Cicero when worn out with the cabals, ingratitude, and inquietudes of public life, "to fly to the end of the world and fill up the remainder of his days in counting the waves of the sea"—How Cicero would have envied a London tradesman angling off the jetty at Margate!

DXCV

Many a time have I sat and watched a child of fifteen full of joy and hope, and racing, as it were, against the tide of health,

* Such is the substance of the passage, the words in the original have escaped the recollection of the Author Pitt, during the time that his armies and navies were asserting the ascendancy of his principles in every quarter of the globe, is said to have passed his hours of relaxation, few as they were, in digging in his garden that overlooked the sea

unconscious, as yet, of this world's cares, and unacquainted with sorrow, even by name, and near by have I observed one older than herself—older by many years—the outline of whose countenance and similarity of form proved her at once to be the parent of the other. But what a contrast! The one in all the pride of youth and beauty, like a rose but half developed, or some new-born star, is never seen to move without drawing after her an atmosphere of pure and unadulterated happiness, gilding the horizon all around, and consecrating the very ground on which she moves. But the other—methinks I see now before me that wan and wasted cheek, with eye so dim and furrowed brow, that tells many a tale of domestic care and parental anxiety. Thou envious orb, that rollest in yonder sky—source of all our joy and all our woe!—thou, who enjoyest perpetual youth whilst all around thee wither and decay, tell me if it be not possible for thee to retrace thy steps and cause this parent, in whom time has wrought such woful changes, to be once again like this her light-hearted

child of fifteen, or, if that be not possible, art thou not able at least O mighty orb to stay thy course, in order that this her child of fifteen, now so lovely to be hold, may run her appointed race unmolested by worldly troubles and uninjured by the sacrilegious hand of time?

DXCVI

Our children are our best schoolmasters as we advance in years A man may steal enough for his support if he be too idle to work, but he is ashamed to do so before his children *

DXCVII

“ Don't you envy that lady who is

* The instances where parents are said to educate their children in crime are only exceptions, and I am inclined to think a disposition to crime may in many case, originate in something little short of necessity The executive is placed in a situation where there is little room for discretion, but it is better for the philosophizing mind to view things on the brighter side It is the first step towards the moral improvement of our species

covered with jewels?" said A to B "No," replied B, "she has more reason to envy me" "Why?" inquired A "Because," answered B, "I have all the pleasure of admiring her jewels without the trouble of wearing them"

DXCVIII

In women there is but one step from that timidity, which is the ornament of their sex, to a reckless indifference to the opinion of the world In avoiding one extreme, it generally happens they fall into the other *

DXCIX

May it be the good fortune of every one, in winding up his accounts with the world, to be able to say, ' the wrong I may have done has been done unintentionally, and the good I may have done, be it ever so little, has at least been commensurate with my means and opportunities "

* Napoleon is said to have observed, " Women when bad are worse than men "

DC

What may be best for other nations concerns only themselves, but the English nation is lost as a nation from the moment it becomes blind to the necessity of a free press, or should be wanting in spirit to defend it at all hazard, if we must fight, it were surely better to empty our quarrels on the arena of a newspaper, rather than spill our blood on the London pavement. That it occasionally may be made subservient to the greatest nonsense or the vilest scurrility, is no argument against it—we have no right to argue against the use of a thing from the abuse of it * Viewing it in the

* Give the people an opportunity of venting their complaints, well founded or ill founded, through the medium of the public prints, and you will rob sedition of half its poison. The liability to have their acts freely advertised upon is the purchase money which is paid by public characters (and it is with public characters alone that we are supposed to know anything about) for the privilege they enjoy for mounting in high places. If it be objected that those public prints, which are written with no other view than to please and administer

most unfavourable light, it is, at least, the less of two evils. Nothing is safe without it, laws may be made one day and repealed the next but a free press, as far as it represents public opinion, is the moral atmosphere without which the laws themselves cannot exist.

DCI

On questions of state a great man may

to the taste of the lower orders of society, are the only prints which fall into their hands and are greedily devoured by them, I would say in reply, that the English even the least educated of them, are a calculating and discriminating people, and there are few who are not capable of exercising a certain degree of judgement on any question affecting the public welfare. Whether, however, a free press be on the whole more productive of harm than of good, intellect, or rather education, has taken such rapid strides of late years in this country that it is idle to attempt to shackle the press and still more to crush it. Whether or not, after a series of years, we may hereafter relapse again into the benighted ignorance of 'the dark ages' is another question, and a question that does not concern us, but in the present enlightened age, to say to the press, "thus far shalt thou go and no further," is an act worthy only of an idiot or a madman.

change his opinions and lose none of his greatness, but a little man must be obstinate, even in the wrong, if he wish not to be less than he is

DCII

How useful and convenient mankind are one to the other ! Where would Mæcenas have been without Horace to eulogize him in verse ? Where would the poet-laureate himself have been without Mæcenas to patronize him ? and where would the Augustan age itself have been but for the patronage of the one and the flattery of the other ?

DCIII

It is in the forgetfulness of our sorrows that our happiness mainly consists How wisely, aye, and how mercifully has it been ordained, that time, powerless as it is to make us forget what is past, is still powerful enough, by means of some spell of its own, to make our misfortunes less, or rather to make us more equal to bear them

DCIV

Like a mushroom whose progress to maturity we observe not, Pitt made but one stride from his cradle to manhood. There was a boy of the name of Pitt, but Pitt was never a boy. Inheriting his father's talents, if not the love of power which generally accompanies them, he was endowed by nature with an intellect remarkably precocious, and it was the wear and tear of his gigantic mind, baffled as he occasionally was in his political calculations, that terminated his short but eventful career. Suited to the times he lived in, as the times he lived in were equally suited to him, he was formed by nature to act upon a stage commensurate with his capacity. He would have been cramped to death in the orbit of *Mercury* or even of *Venus*, the orbit in which we ourselves revolve was scarcely sufficient to contain him.

DCV

There is more weakness than wickedness

in man The one only proves us to be human and ought to be treated with indulgence, the other is a disease we must either conquer or fly from

DCVI

The poor are not poor if they envy not those who are richer than themselves No one can be ill if he imagine himself to be well If we rise in the morning and feel ourselves unhappy, depend upon it we are so, if, on the following morning, we are heard to say that our feelings are altered for the better, who can contradict us?

DCVII

Yes, true as there is a sun in heaven, happiness is an article of faith, we can no more thrust a remnant of happiness on our neighbour against his will, than we can dispossess another of such happiness as he religiously believes himself to possess

DCVIII

When we see people hunting each other down in the world, we ought to think more

charitably of others than to suppose that it arises from wanton malice on the part of the pursuer. It is to be presumed that in all cases there is a personal interest to gratify, and which can only be gratified at the expense of another. Women show no mercy to women who are prettier than themselves, and a man views with complacency a blow which is dealt to another, deservedly or not so, who stands in his way in the pursuit of any object he may have in view.

DCIX

If your health be impaired by moral causes, it is by moral causes alone that it will again be restored.

DCX

Physical remedies are always at hand, but compared to moral remedies, over which we have no controul, they are but as dust in the balance.

DCXI

It is worthy only of a barbarian to be

incapable of loving but it is unworthy of a wise man to be actually in love Love is insipid as life would be without thee thou art but ill adapted to the shivering climate of a self-denying world

DCXII

In recording a thought which may have come across our mind, how often do we fondle ourselves into a belief that we are working a miracle for posterity, when it is probable that the same thought is destined to live no longer than morning dew, or die in whispers like æolian harps

DCXIII

Political economy, considered as a science, is so far different from all the others, that, in the former, we have no self-evident propositions or axioms to assume (as is the case in the other sciences) and on which we can proceed to argue, and the danger of placing political power in the hands of the ignorant and unreflecting arises from their not considering the wide difference that exists between justice and expediency,

and that one and the same act may be morally right but politically wrong, and *vice versa*. Hence it may happen that in legislating for the country, we may, even with the best intentions, occasionally commit the most palpable and fatal mistakes. The essence of good government mainly consists in governing others after the fashion to which they have been accustomed. Habit renders the heaviest chains comparatively light and easy to bear. If I were a horse, for instance, I would rather remain in the hands of my first master, though he might be occasionally severe, than change my owner every day in the week. England boasts of her Parliament, and not without reason. Austria, on the other hand, laughs a parliament to scorn. Austria — happy Austria — Austria, living under a government arbitrary in form but patriarchal in practice — Austria with but one political creed, and undivided, as she is, in the unity of her faith — Austria, I say, beholds with uplifted hands the stoutest hearts on our own soil mangled and torn to pieces year after year by the keen-edged severity of the press, and the virulence of

party spirit Time and circumstances may work changes in political institutions for the worse, I admit, as well as for the better, but I doubt the expediency as I mistrust the durability of such changes as are brought about in times of excitement and agitation, propounding remedies often more fatal than the evils they profess to remove

DCXIV

“ The evil that men do lives after them
The good is oft interred with their bones ’—

If Shakspeare’s assertion be well founded, but reason and experience incline us to a different belief When we die, all personality dies with us—we are no longer objects of fear, objects of envy, objects of distrust, or objects of censure, we are as incapable of attack as we are of defence, and it is on that account when we are dead our more redeeming qualities are sure to rise to the surface, and our memory is treated with indulgence not more for the good we may

have done than for the harm we are no longer able to do

DCXV

The motives of our actions are always concealed from others, and are often unknown to ourselves

DCXVI

Old age with a good constitution is more to be desired than youth without the means of enjoying it

DCXVII

The disproportion of the property of A, as compared to that of B, would sink into insignificance if we considered the difference that so often exists between a *nominal* rent-roll and the grist that actually comes to the mill

DCXVIII

Men in high stations would do well to consider that the homage ostensibly paid to themselves amounts to little more than—
“ How I should like to have a few of the

good things which you at present have the power of dispensing '

DCXIX

Canova's Venus was concealed in the womb of the shapeless block long before Canova was born, though it remained for the artist to give breath to her nostrils, expression to her features and new graces to her form so it is with the powers of the mind, which would often lie dormant were they not called into action by circumstance and opportunity

DCXX

CIRCUMSTANCE AND OPPORTUNITY,

You are known to me only by hearsay, never having seen you in my life, you presided, as I am told, at my birth, and have never quitted me since, as I know

I am, Circumstance and Opportunity,

Ever, your obedient servant,

In spite of myself.

DCXXI

Persecuted!—If you be strong in the

goodness of your cause, regard not the shafts of the world, as on other occasions you wou'd do well not to allow yourselves to be misled by encomiums that might be equally undeserved To persecute in your turn is scarcely worth your while, even were you justified in doing so, but under any circumstances, feel satisfied that as between armies met in the field who never saw each other before, there can be no such thing as enmity, so between man and man partialities may exist, but enmity, which is unknown as an instinct, is, even in our social state, nothing more than the love of ourselves in disguise

DCXXII

To outstrip virtue is impossible—the most we can do is to travel by her side

DCXXIII

The world may condemn for the sake of example, the world will forgive for the sake of themselves

DCXXIV

Sins of omission are as heinous in a moral sense as are sins of commission in the eye of civil polity

DCXXV

If you have done wrong belie not your conscience by concealing it from yourself, but purchase your redemption by doing twice as much good

DCXXVI

If we were to live to twice seventy years of age, we should know as little of ourselves as we do at the present moment, let our age be what it may

DCXXVII

An individual may paint his own likeness by means of a looking-glass, but there is no looking-glass which is capable of shewing us the form and dimensions of our mind and the source of our actions

DCXXVIII

The period at which the intellectual as well as the corporeal powers arrive at maturity is different in different individuals

DCXXIX

Like a young eagle trying the strength of its wings on the mountain top, the mind of man may be seen to advance, stage by stage mistrustful at first but gathering courage on the way, and strengthened by the very difficulties which oppose its progress, it marches on with *perfectability* for its guide, until it reaches the outpost, where it is warned by *perfection* to proceed no further

DCXXX

Of all our friends no one is so apt to be neglected as a *halfpenny*, forgetting, as we do, that a fifty pound note is nothing more than so many halfpence

DCXXXI

Accept every thing that is offered to you

but *credit* no one can be ruined by living on his means alone

DCXXXII

Nothing more clearly demonstrates the force of parental affection than the proverbial injustice of a step mother

DCXXXIII

A thousand associations, besides duty, may attach a man to his offspring, but a woman, in loving her offspring, obeys an instinct

DCXXXIV

Our home is not where we are, but where we wish to be

DCXXXV

They who emigrate to foreign parts have seldom a better reason for doing so than that of flying from one devil into the arms of another

DCXXXVI

The mind and our affections are two dif-

ferent beings , if the occupation of the one
be essential to our happiness, the occupation
of the other is not less so

DCXXXVII

Respect yourself, and the respect of the
world is sure to follow at your heels

DCXXXVIII

Experience is the soul of judgment

DCXXXIX

Judgment is the faculty of seeing in the
dark

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